The Christy's Minstrels Song Book

Vol. II.

HOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET

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In Two Volumes, containing 120 Songs, 4s. each.

BOOSEY'S

MUSICAL CABINET.

THE

Christy's Minstrels'

Song Book

(SECOND VOLUME)

CONTAINING

SIXTY SONGS

WITH CHORUSES AND PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

London:

BOOSEY & SONS, 24 & 28 HOLLES STREET.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Christy's Minstrels Song Book

VOL. I.

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Christy's Minstrels' Songs

FOURTH BOOK

CONTAINING

TWENTY SONGS

SUNG BY

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS

EDITED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

No. 1. I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

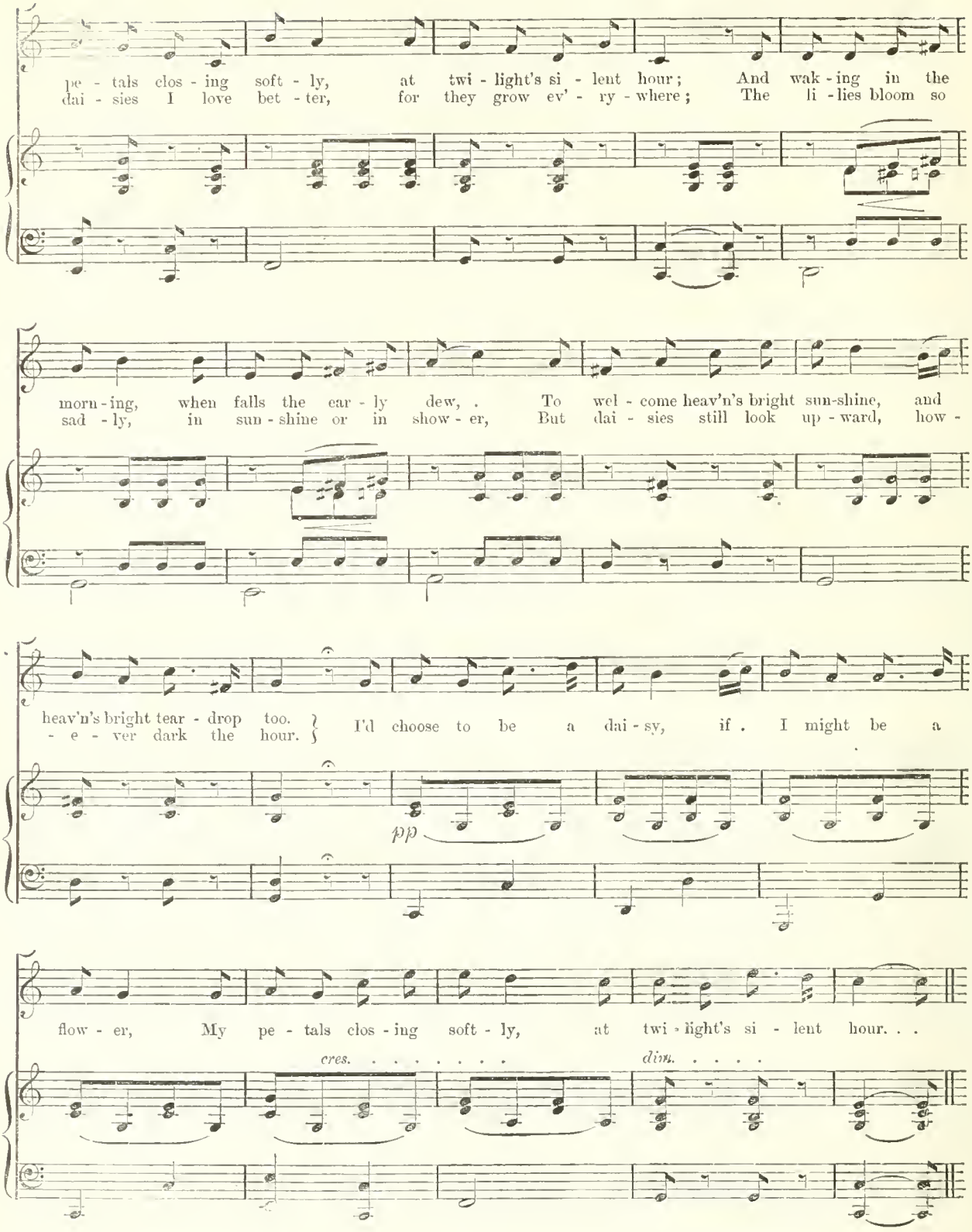
Moderato.

PIANO.

p

1. I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if I might be a flow - er, My
2. I love the gen - tle li - ly, it looks so meek and fair, But

p


pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour; And wak - ing in the
dai - sies I love bet - ter, for they grow ev' - ry - where; The li - lies bloom so
morn - ing, when falls the ear - ly dew, . To wel - come heav'n's bright sun-shine, and
sad - ly, in sun - shine or in show - er, But dai - sies still look up - ward, how -
heav'n's bright tear - drop too.
- e - ver dark the hour.
I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if . I might be a
pp
flow - er, My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .
cres.
dim.

Chorus, after each verse.

1st Treble. I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if I might be a

2nd Treble. I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if I might be a

Tenor and Bass. I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if I might be a

Piano. *p*

cres. . . . . . *dim.* . . . . .

flow - er, My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. .

cres. . . . . . *dim.* . . . . .

flow - er, My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .

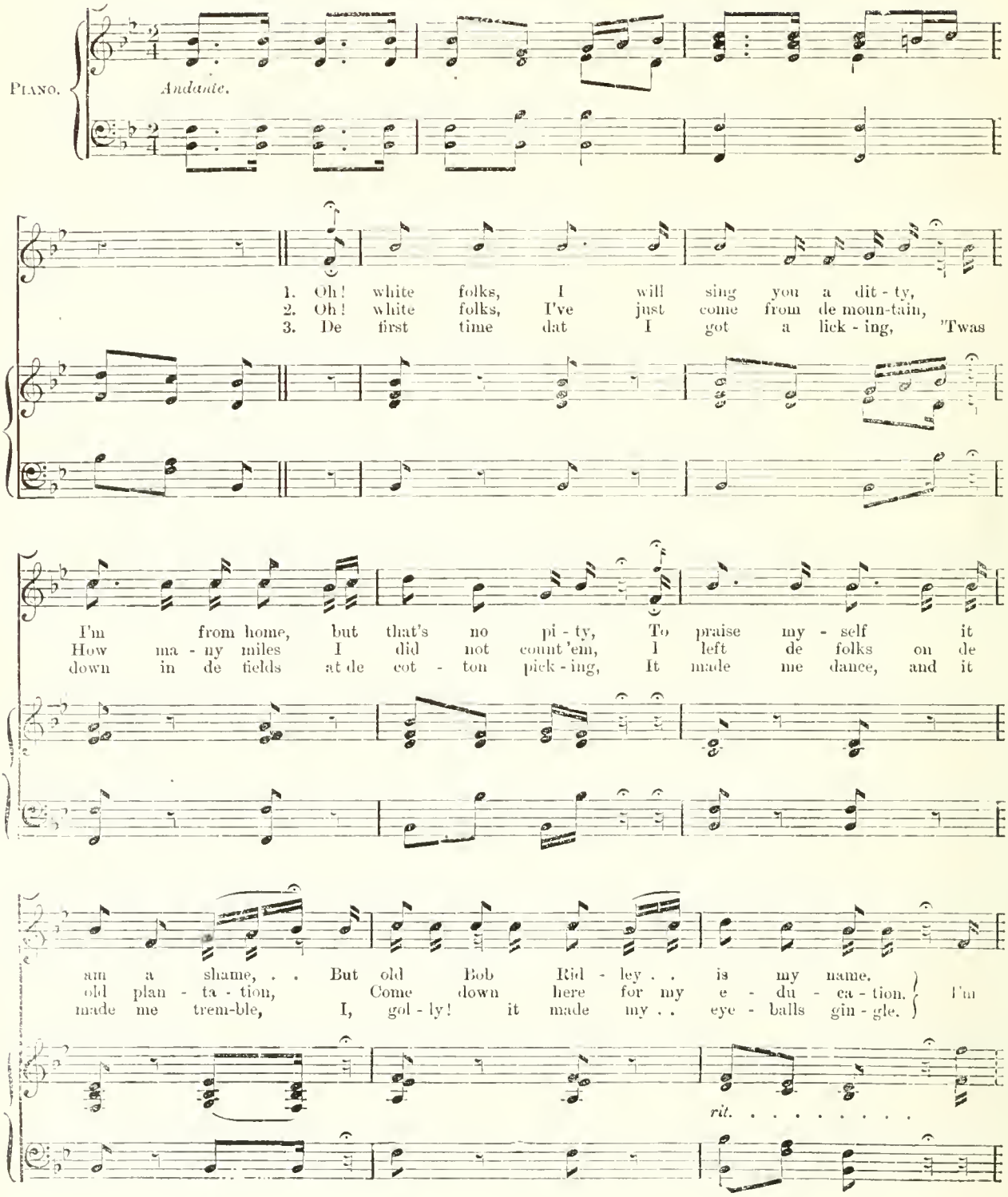
cres. . . . . . *dim.* . . . . .

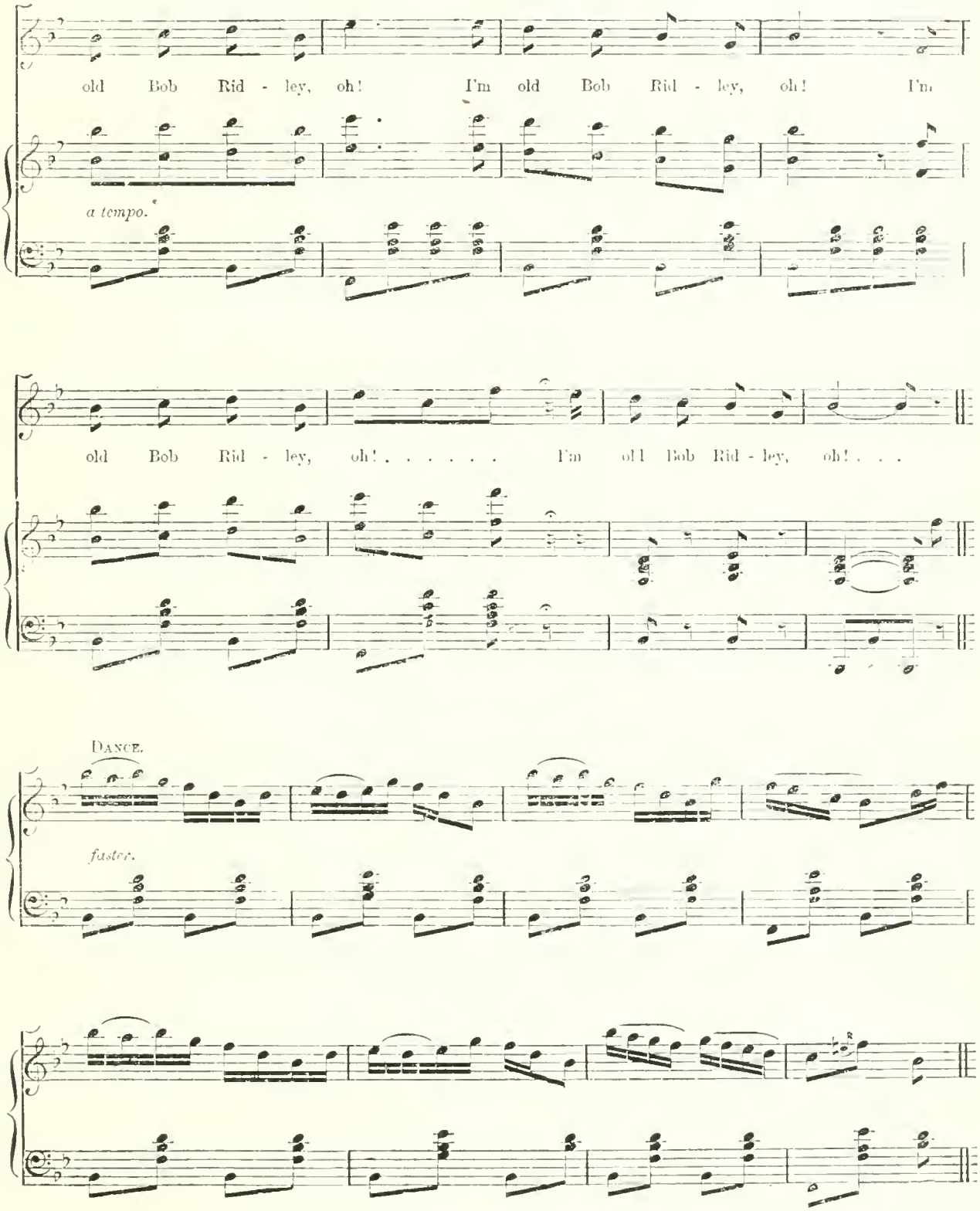
flow - er, My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .

cres. . . . . . *dim.* . . . . .

No. 2.

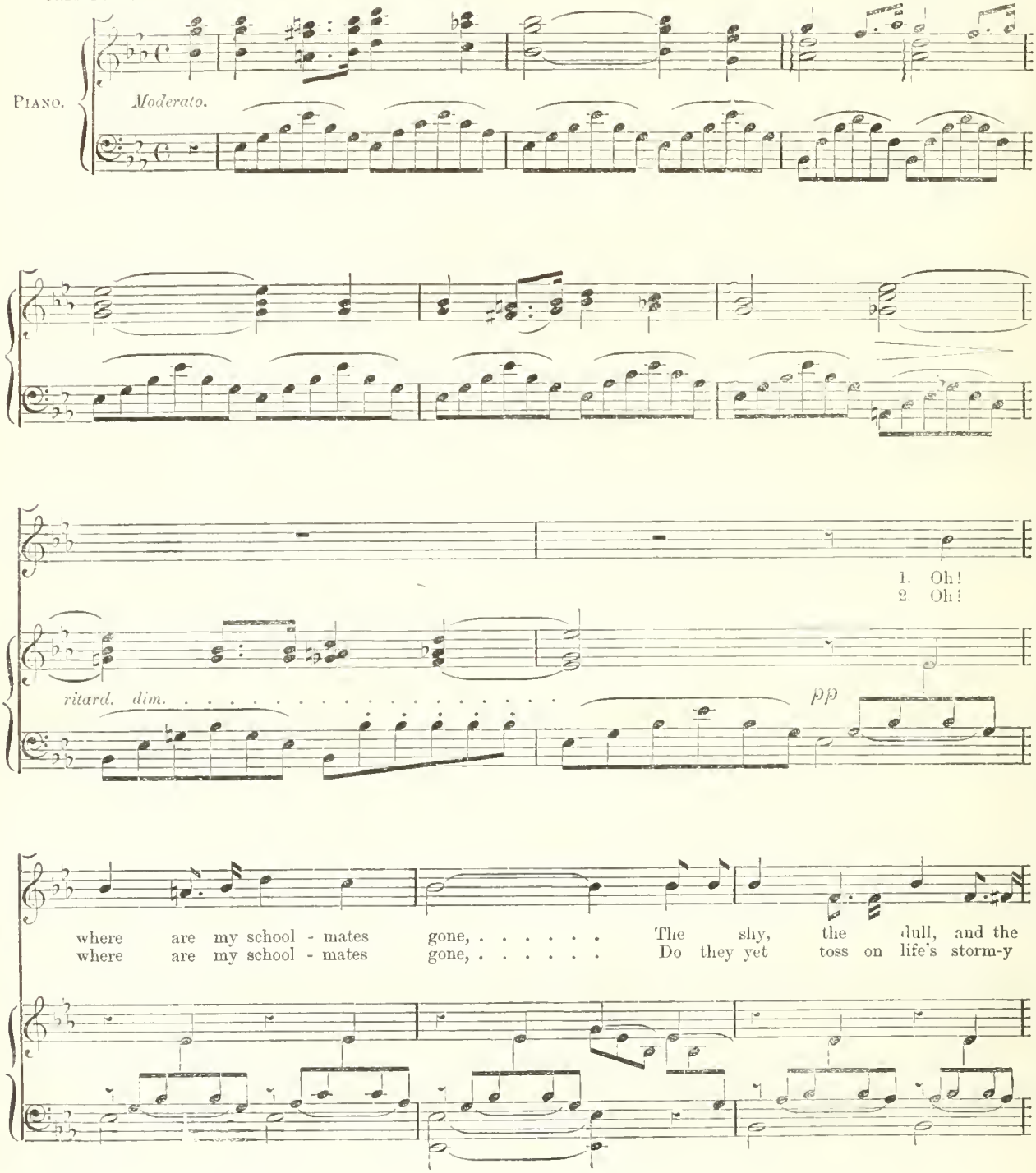
OLD BOB RIDLEY.




old Bob Rid - ley, oh! I'm old Bob Rid - ley, oh! I'm
a tempo.
old Bob Rid - ley, oh! . . . . . I'm old Bob Rid - ley, oh! . . .
Dance.
faster.

No. 3. WHERE ARE MY SCHOOLMATES GONE?

WORDS BY B. E. WOOLF. FREDERICK BUCKLEY.



gay? . . . . . They have left me all heart - - sick and
waves? . . . . . Or sleep a sleep peace - - ful and

lone, ... To drag out life's short' - ning day. . . . . The
lone, ... 'Neath the flow'rs that bloom o'er their graves? . . . . . What

school yet re - mains where it stood, ... When its
day - - dreams are mine to en - - joy, ... As I

f

moss - - co - ver'd roof I first saw, ... The play - ground, my eyes begin to
sit and gaze in - - to the past, ... 'Till a - gain I am chang'd to a

cres.

flood, ... When I think of the play - - ground of
boy, ... And, ah, me! dreams too ai - - - - ry to

cres. . . . . . *dim.* . . . . . .

yore, The spire, too, that point - ed to truth, ... The
last. Fare - - - well, scat - ter'd friends of my youth, ... 'Tis

p *rall.* *colla voce.*

fall, in its bub - bling rage, ... So vast in the days of my
mem' - - ry dims these old eyes, ... May your thoughts, like you spire, point to

youth, So small in the night of my age. . . .
truth, And we'll talk o'er the past in the skies. . .

SOPRANO.

Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

ALTO.

Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

TENOR.

Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

BASS.

Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

PIANO.

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. .

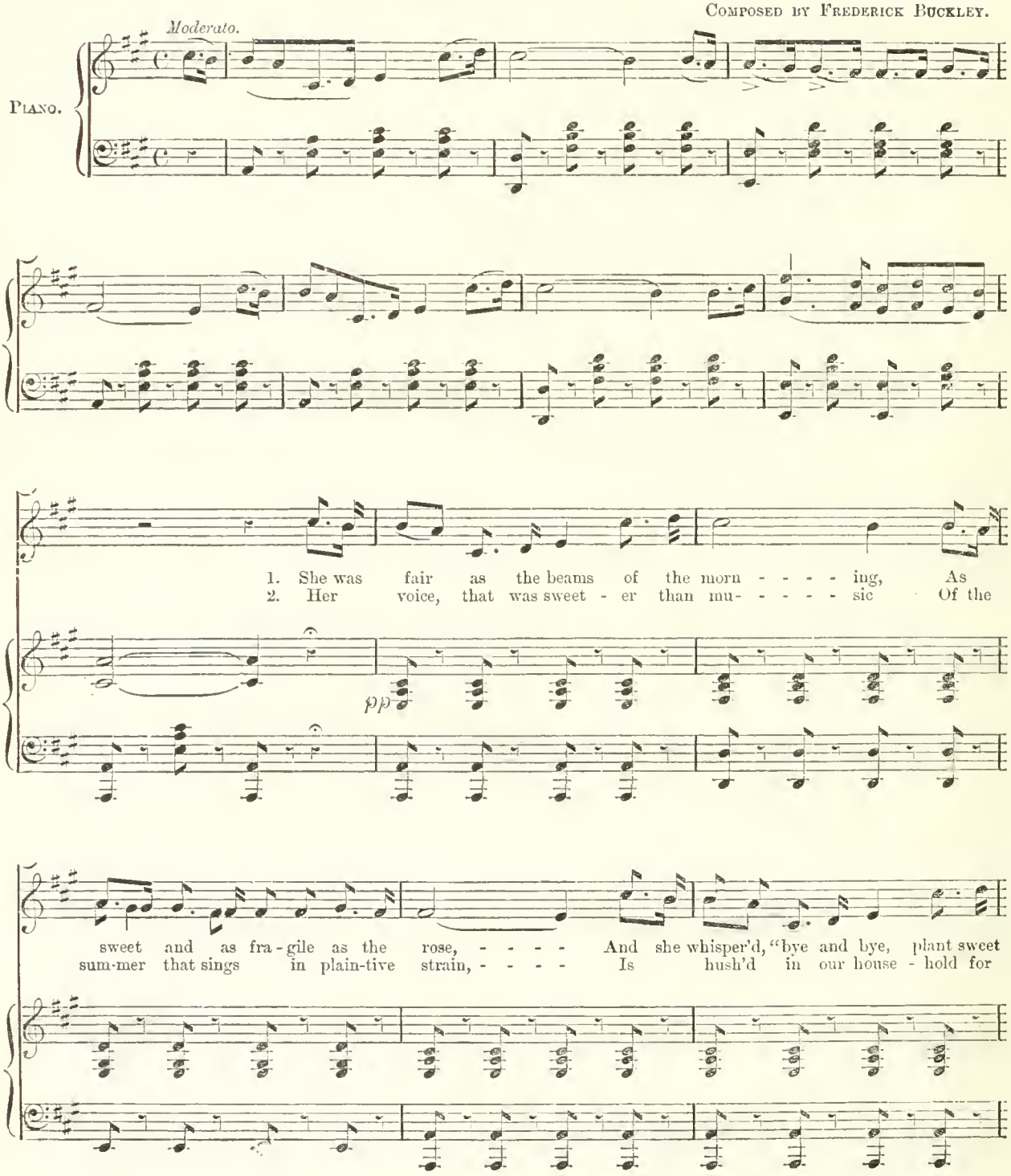
left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

No. 4.

ELLA LEENE.

Composed by Frederick Buckley.



flow - - - - ers O'er the grave where El - la takes re - pose." When I
e - - - - - ver, Here we ne - - - ver more shall meet a - gain. She is

sleep in the dark gloomy shadows, That hide in the silence of the tomb, As
gone, like a blossom of the morning, Which the night - wind has shaken to the ground, But she

oft as you wan-der where I'm rest - ing, You will find hope is writ-ten in their
blooms where the fragrance of the flow - ers E - ver shed sweetest o - dours a -

bloom.
- round.

She was fair as the beams of the morn - - - - ing, As

sweet and as fra - gile as the rose, ... And she whisper'd, "bye and bye, plant sweet

flow - - - - ers O'er the grave where El - la takes re - pose." . . . . .

Chorus, after each verse.

SOPRANO.

When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - - ing, Through the

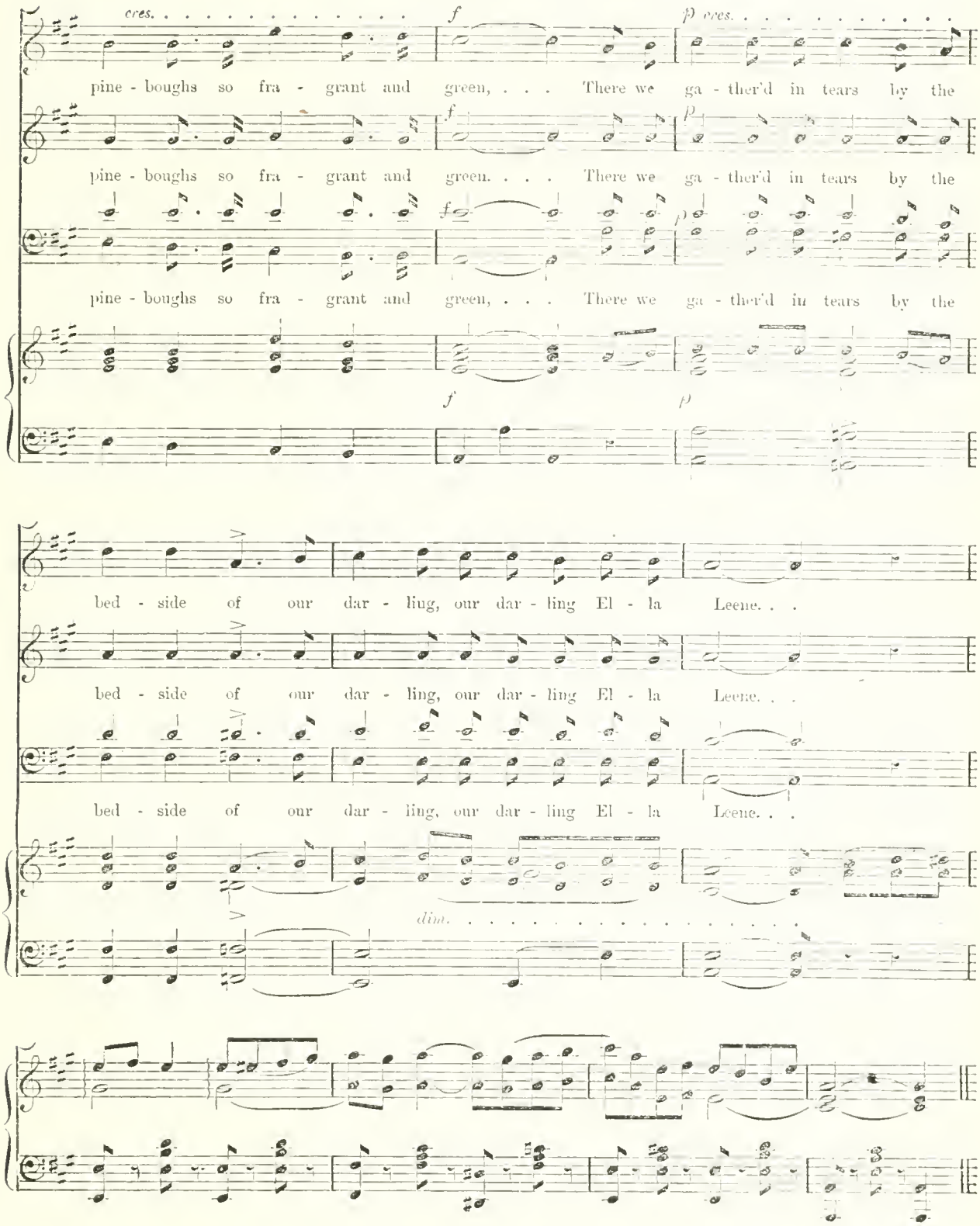
ALTO.

When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - - ing, Through the

TENOR AND BASS.

When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - - ing, Through the

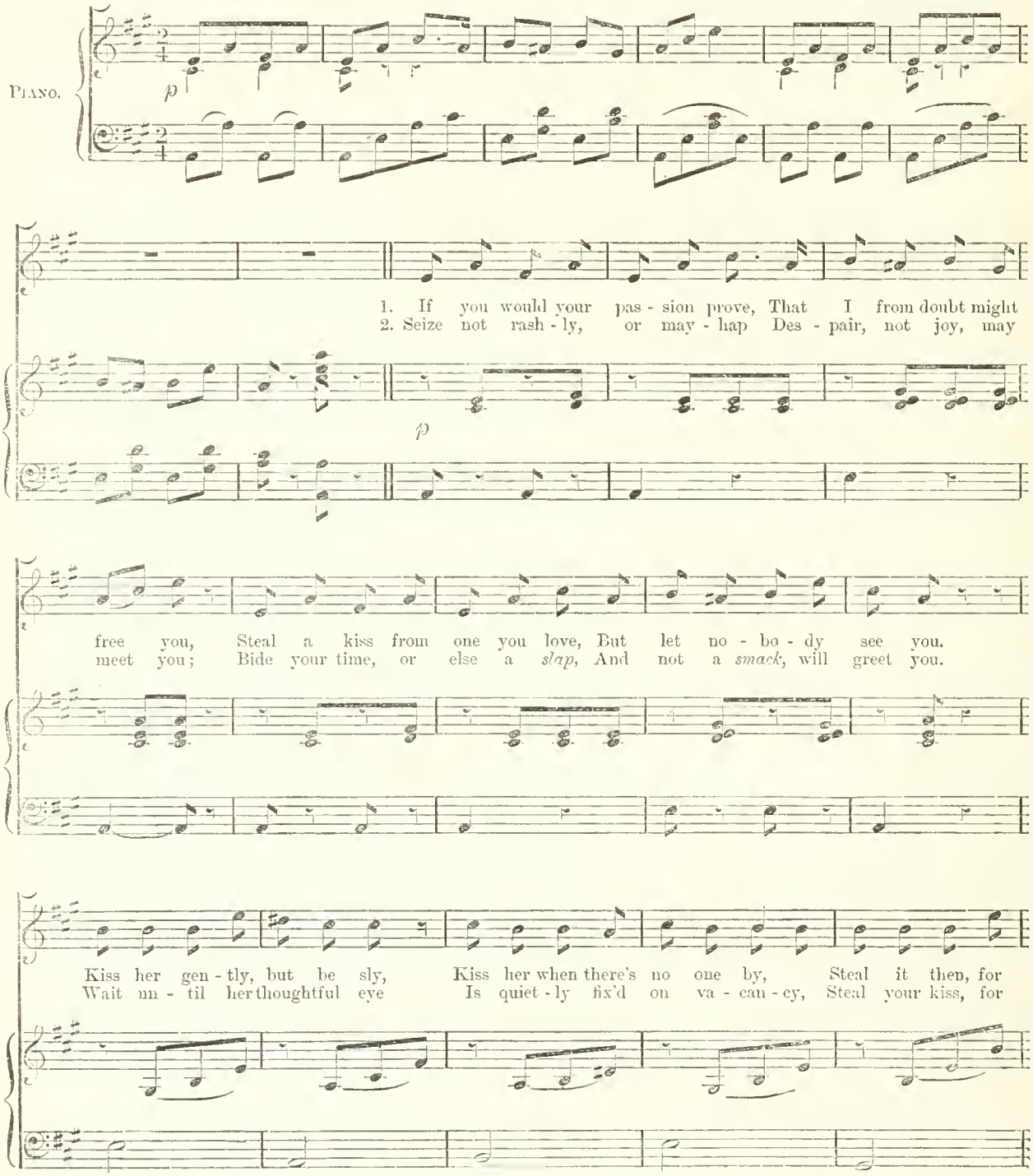
PIANO.


cres.
f
p cres.
pine - boughs so fra - grant and green, . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the
pine - boughs so fra - grant and green. . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the
pine - boughs so fra - grant and green, . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the
bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .
bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .
bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .
dim.

No. 5. STOLEN KISSES ARE THE SWEETEST.

Sung by R. Bishop Buckley.

Words by B. E. Woolfe. Composed by Frederick Buckley.



it is meet - est, Sto - len kiss - es are the sweet - est.
then 'tis meet - est, Sto - len kiss - es are the sweet - est.
Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly,

Kiss her when there's no one by; Oh! how sweet such kiss-es are, They are sweet-est far. . .

Chorus, after each verse.

SOPRANO. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,

2ND SOPRANO. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh

TENOR. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,

BASS. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,

PIANO. *mf*

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far. . . . . .

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far. . . . . .

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far. . . . . .

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far. . . . . .

No. 6. HEN CONVENTION.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY. COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

PIANO.

p

1. A fa - mous hen con - ven - tion, Was held at Hum-bug Green, And such a show of
2. Says Ma - lay, pull - ing out his gills, "I am the *fair - est fowl;*" Says Ban - tam, "you're a
3. A poul - try du - el came on straight, 'Twas Bantams and Shanghai; A crow at first, and

p

fuss and fea - thers Ne'er be - fore was seen, With Ma - lays, Ban - tams, Chit - ta-gongs, And
hen - pick'd race, Hen - heart - ed, with no soul;" Says Shang - hai, "You poor Bantams Are a
then a clip, And then the fea - thers fly. Young Ban - tam spurr'd him flat, A - mid a

game fowls fine and tall; But Mis - ter Roost - er Shang-hai Cut de big - gest swell of all.
race of chick - en toys;" Says Ban - tam, "If you pick at me, You'll find I'm one of the boys."
loud Con - ven - tion crow, And Shang-hai shang'd the low - est, At the great Con - ven - tion Show.

a tempo.

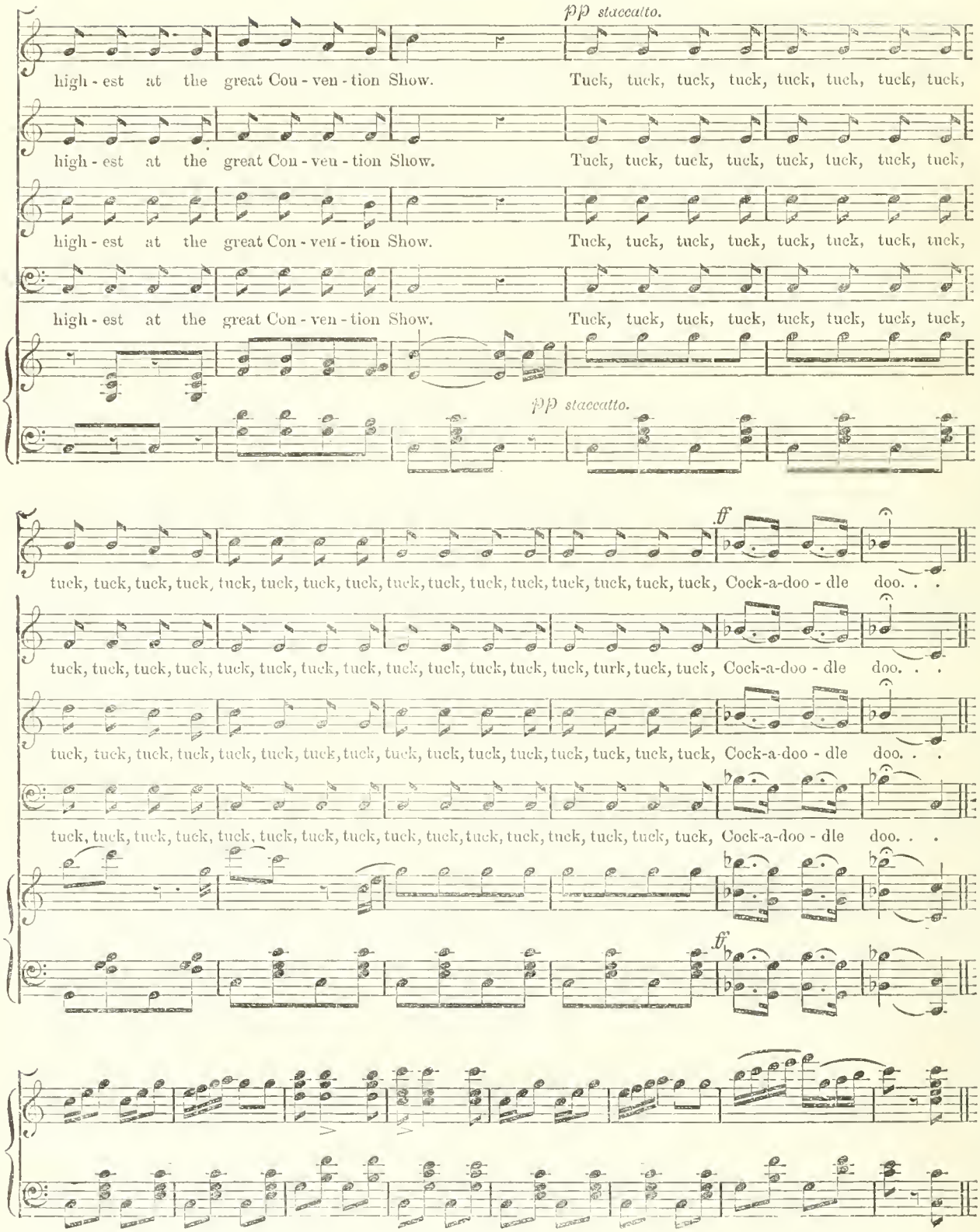
Soprano. It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow; And Shanghai crow'd de

Alto. It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow; And Shanghai crow'd de

Tenor. It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow; And Shanghai crow'd de

Bass. It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow; And Shanghai crow'd de

Piano.


pp staccato.
high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,
high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,
high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,
high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,
pp staccato.
ff
tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .
tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, turk, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .
tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .
tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .
ff

No. 7. I'M TURNING GREY, DEAR KATE.

SUNG BY MR. BASQUIN. COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Time's
2. The

hand is e - ven there, sweet Kate, Yet let the sign re - main; It gives me no re - gret - ful throb, Nor
wife may view with un - con - cern, Time's sig-net on the brow, Who ne - ver gave the wear - er's heart A

should it yield thee pain. 'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray, Why
sin - gle throb of woe. And if an - gel - ic worth, sweet Kate, Might keep the churl at bay, Time

should thy lov - ing heart re - gret That I am turn - ing grey? Your clus - ters, Kate, have ta'en their flight, Since
ne'er had plac'd in tri - umph here His ban - ner - et of grey. Then let the stran - ger live, sweet Kate, A -

thou and I first met, And dark-en'd moons have sped since then, And mur-ky suns have set, Yet
- mid its neighbours dark, Un - til they, too, in time shall pale Be - neath the spoil-er's mark. 'Tis

light from that warm heart of thine Hath been a-round my way, And with so dear a guide and friend I
ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why should thy lov-ing heart re-gret That

1st Tenor.

would a - gain turn grey. } 'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why
I am turn - ing grey. }

2nd Tenor.

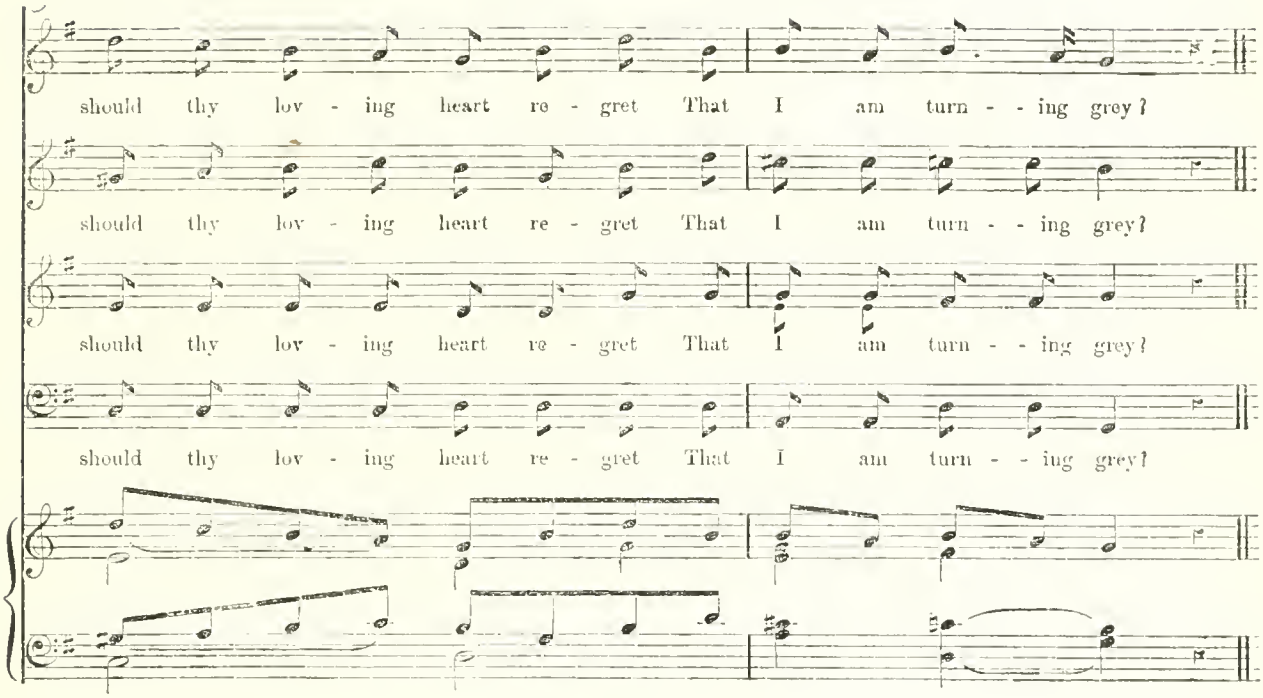
'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why

Alto.

'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why

Bass.

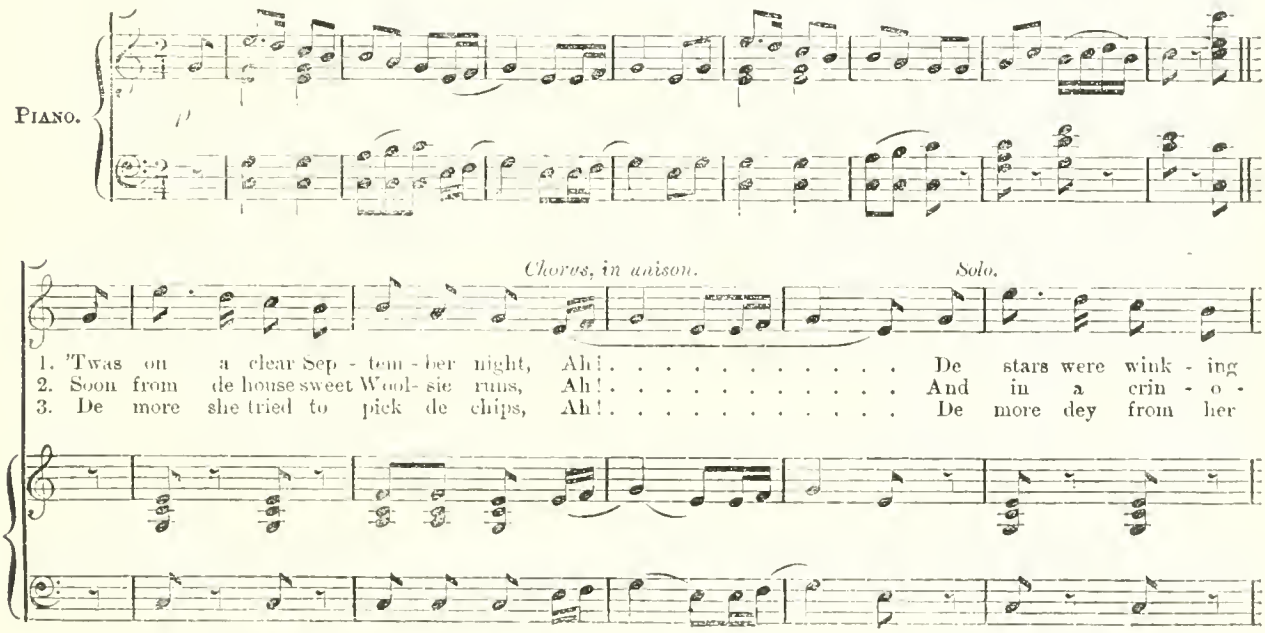
'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why



No. 8. DE OLD WOOD PILE.

Sung by G. S. Buckley.

Composed by B. E. Woolfe. Words by S. S. Steble.



Chorus. *Solo to the end.*

love and light, Ah! . . . . . I thumb'd de ban - jo for a - while, By de
- line she comes, Ah! . . . . . I'se just come to pick chips a - while, She
fin - ger slips, Ah! . . . . . Be - cause she eyed me all de while, As

old plan - ta - tion's tall wood pile, By de old plan - ta - tion's tall wood pile, De tall wood pile.
whisper'd by de old wood pile, She whis-per'd by de old wood pile, De old wood pile.
I sat by de old wood pile, As I sat by de old wood pile, De old wood pile.

Soprano. Ah! . . . . de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . de old wood

2nd Soprano. Ah! . . . . de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . de old wood

Tenor. Ah! . . . . de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . de old wood

Bass. Ah! . . . . de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . de old wood

Piano.

ff

pile, Oh! . . de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

ff

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

ff

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

ff

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

ff

love and light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . . .

love had light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . . .

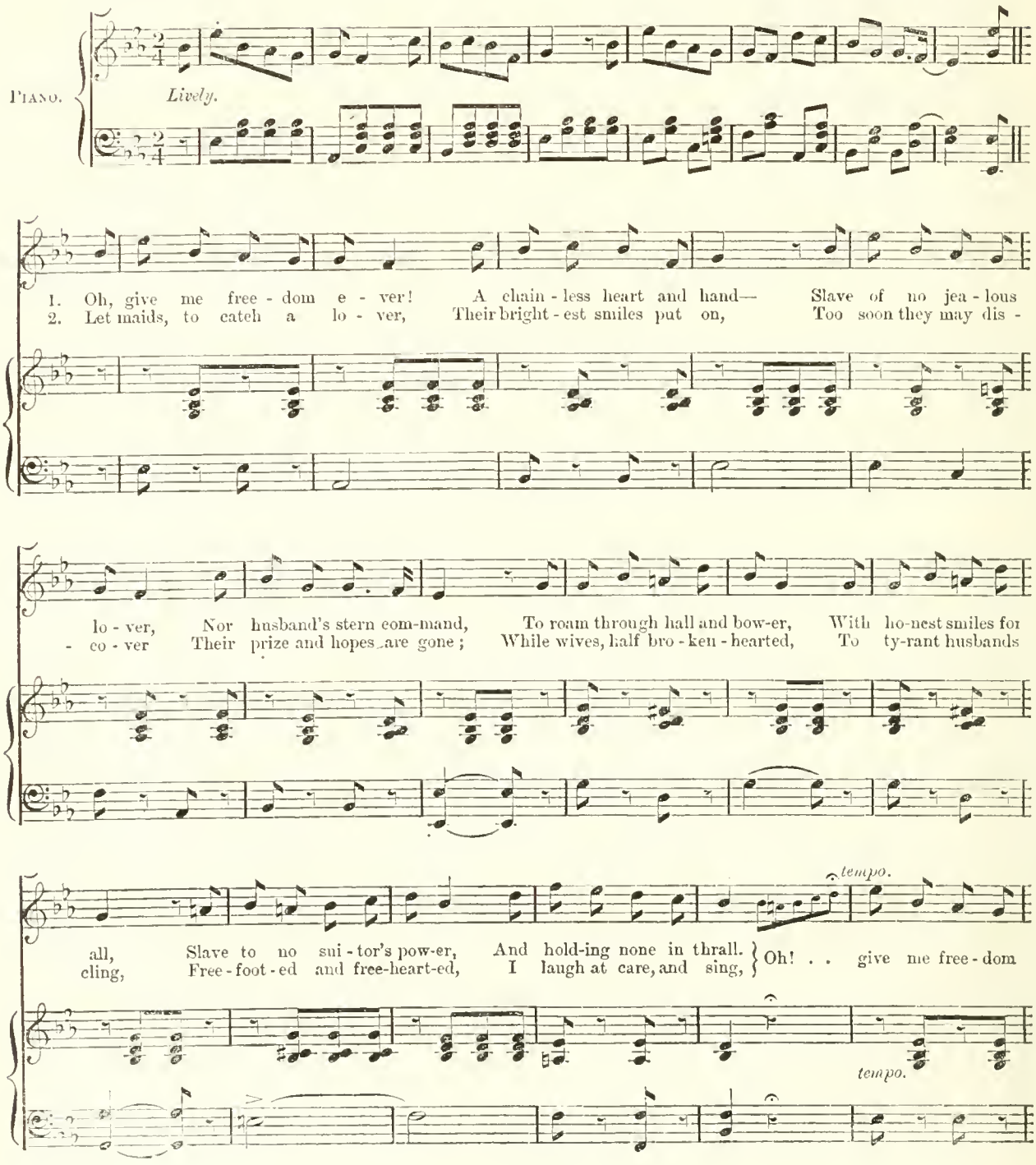
love and light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . . .

love and light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah! . . . . . .

No. 9. OH, GIVE ME FREEDOM EVER.

From the Burlesque of "Two Pompeys."

Sung by Miss Julia Gould. Composed by Frederick Buckley.



e - ver, A chain-less heart and hand— Slave of no jea - lous lov-er, Nor hus-band's stern com -

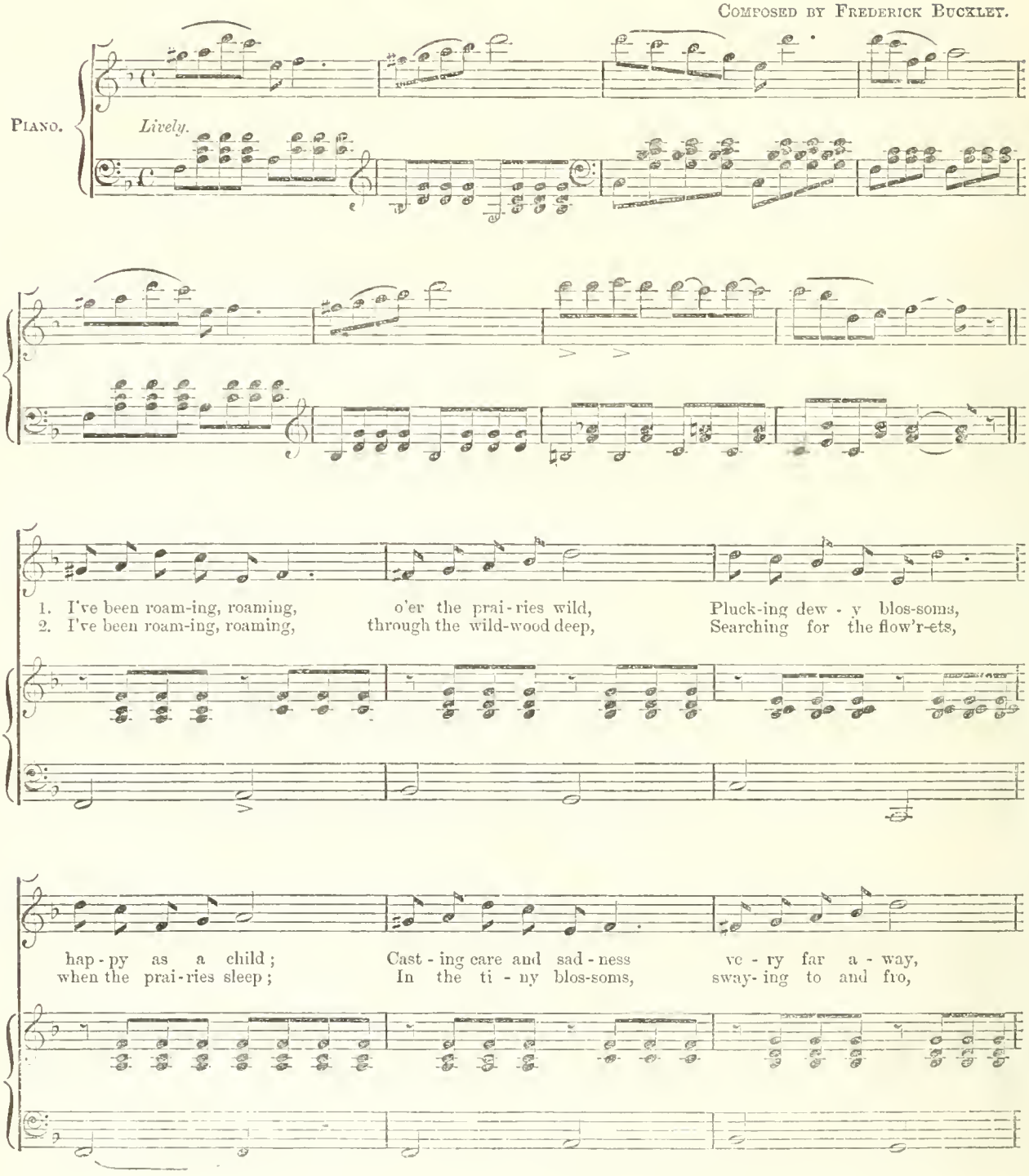
- mand. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la! To laugh at Cu - pid's

ar - che - ry, With heart for e - ver free. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Tra, la, la, la,- la, la! To laugh at Cu - pid's ar - che - ry, With heart for e - ver free.

No. 10. I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

Composed by Frederick Buckley.



For the earth re - joi - ces on this plea - sant day. I've been roam - ing, roam-ing,
Whisp'ring to each o - ther, ve - ry soft and low, I've been roam - ing, roam-ing,

where the li - lies sleep, On the ti - ny lake-let, spark-ling, cool, and deep. . .
o'er the dew - y grass, Gem'd with fai - ry blos-soms, wav'r-ing as I pass. . .

Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white, Making gladsome music, glanc-ing in the light,
For the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea, Whisp'ring many a sto-ry to the flow'rs and me,

tempo. pp

where the brooklet sing-eth o'er the pebbles white, Making gladsome music, glancing in the light.
for the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea, Whisp'ring many a sto-ry to the flow'rs and me.

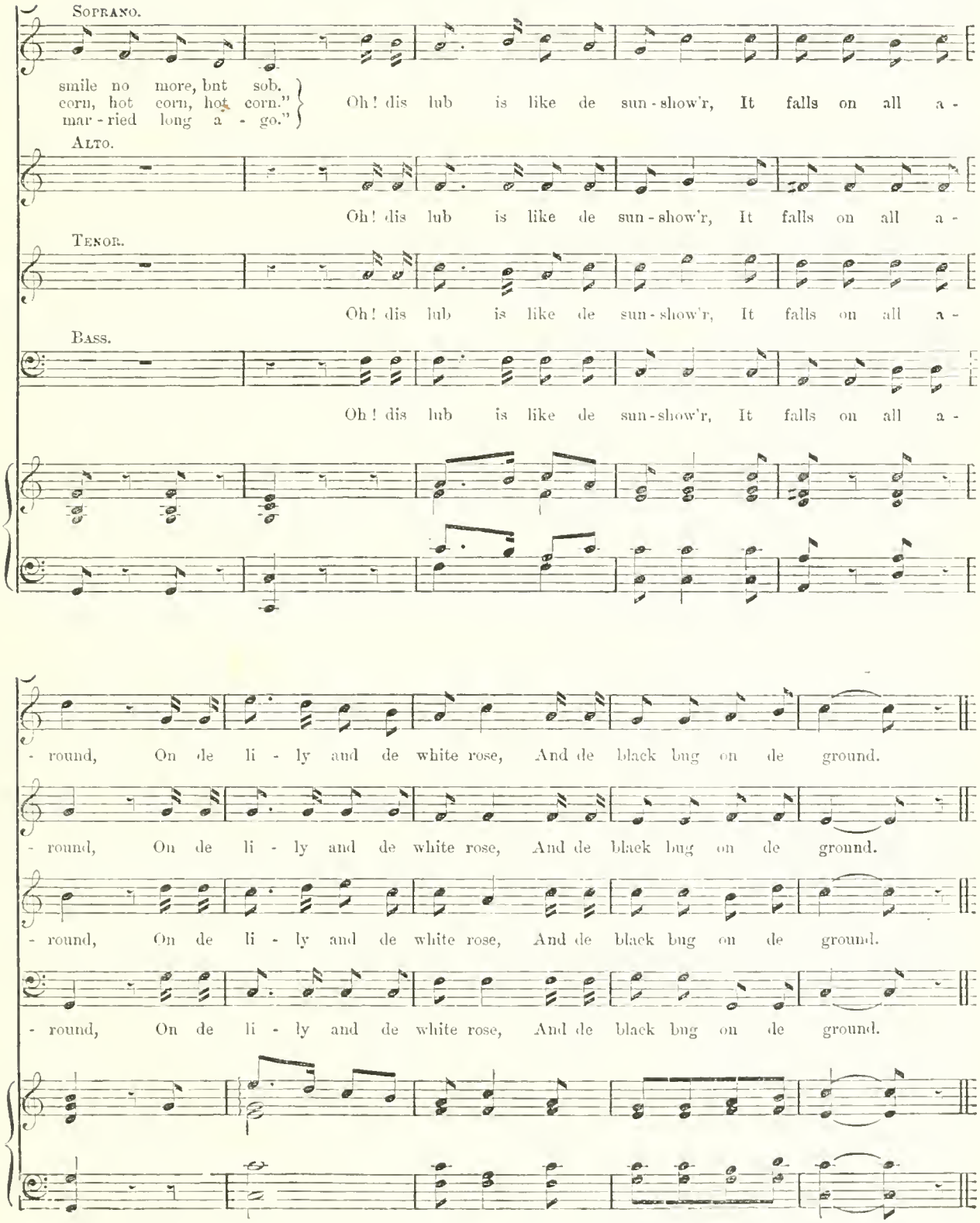
No. 11. CORNELIA COB.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY. COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Rather slow.

PIANO. *p*

1. My heart am ten - der as de chick dat trys to crow, but can't; I feel just like de wi-ther'd leaves Of de love - ly cab-bage plant, Be - cause I've ga - zed 'pon de form of Miss Cor - ne - lia Cob; And eb - er since dat fa - tal hour, I
2. When first Cor - ne - lia struck my eye, 'twas in de mar - ket place, She stood a - mid the noi - sy throng, Wid a smile up - on her face, I heard her voice float on de air, like mu - sic on de horn, So soft and low she spoke de words, "Hot
3. I sought de cot - tage of dis maid, and found it up an al - ley, And there I tried to speak my love, But my spi-rits would-n't ral - ly, Say's she, "you ug - ly nig - ger man, I'se got a - no - ther beau; Go 'way, or else I'll smash your eye, I'se


Soprano.
smile no more, bnt sob.
corn, hot corn, hot corn."
mar - ried long a - go."
Oh! dis lub is like de sun - show'r, It falls on all a -
Alto.
Oh! dis lub is like de sun - show'r, It falls on all a -
Tenor.
Oh! dis lub is like de sun - show'r, It falls on all a -
Bass.
Oh! dis lub is like de sun - show'r, It falls on all a -
- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.
- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.
- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.
- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.

No. 12. SOMEBODY'S COURTING SOMEBODY.

SUNG BY MISS JULIA GOULD, IN THE BURLESQUE OF "TWO POMPEYS." COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

To be sung in a playful style.

PIANO.

1. Some - bo-dy's court - ing some-bo-dy,
2. Pac - ing the o - cean's shore, . .
3. No one sits up to wait, . .

Somewhere or o - ther to - night, . . Some-bo-dy's whisp'ring to somebody, Un - der the clear moon-light, Near the bright ri-ver's flow, Run-ning so still and slow,
Edg'd by the foam - ing roar, . . Words ne ver breath'd be - fore, . . Sounding so sweet to some-bo-dy; Un - der the ma - - ple tree, Dark though the sha - dow be,
Though she is out so late, . . All know she's at the gate, . . Talk-ing, yes, talking with some-bo-dy; Two, sit-ting side by side, Float with the ebb - ing tide;

Talk - ing so soft and low, ... She sits with some - bo - dy. . . . .
Plain e - nough they can see, ... Bright eyes has some - bo - dy. . . . .
"Thus, dearest, may we glide . . . . Through life," says some - bo - dy. . . . .

Some - bo - dy's court - ing some - bo - dy, Somewhere or o - ther to - night. .

Some - bo - dy's whisp'ring to some - bo - dy, Un - der the clear moonlight. . . . Un - der the clear moon -

- light.

No. 13. PLANTATION WALK AROUND.

OH! WHOSE DAT FOOT A BURNING?

Composed by Dan Emmit.

Voice.

Piano.

Solo. *Chorus,*

1. De snow am in de cloud, Oh!
2. Ob course I took my seat, Oh!
3. De fire . . . got too hot, Oh!

p

in unison. *Solo.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? De wind does whis - tle loud, Oh!
whose dat foot a burn - ing? An den stuck out my feet, Oh!
whose dat foot a burn - ing? While 'fore it I did sot, Oh!

p

Chorus. *Solo.* *Chorus.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? We'll round the fire . . crowd.
whose dat foot a burn - ing? To cotch in all de heat. } Oh!
whose dat foot a burn - ing? I fast a - sleep did got.

Solo. *Chorus.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? Dat foot did come, it told me so, A -

ff

Chorus, to the end.

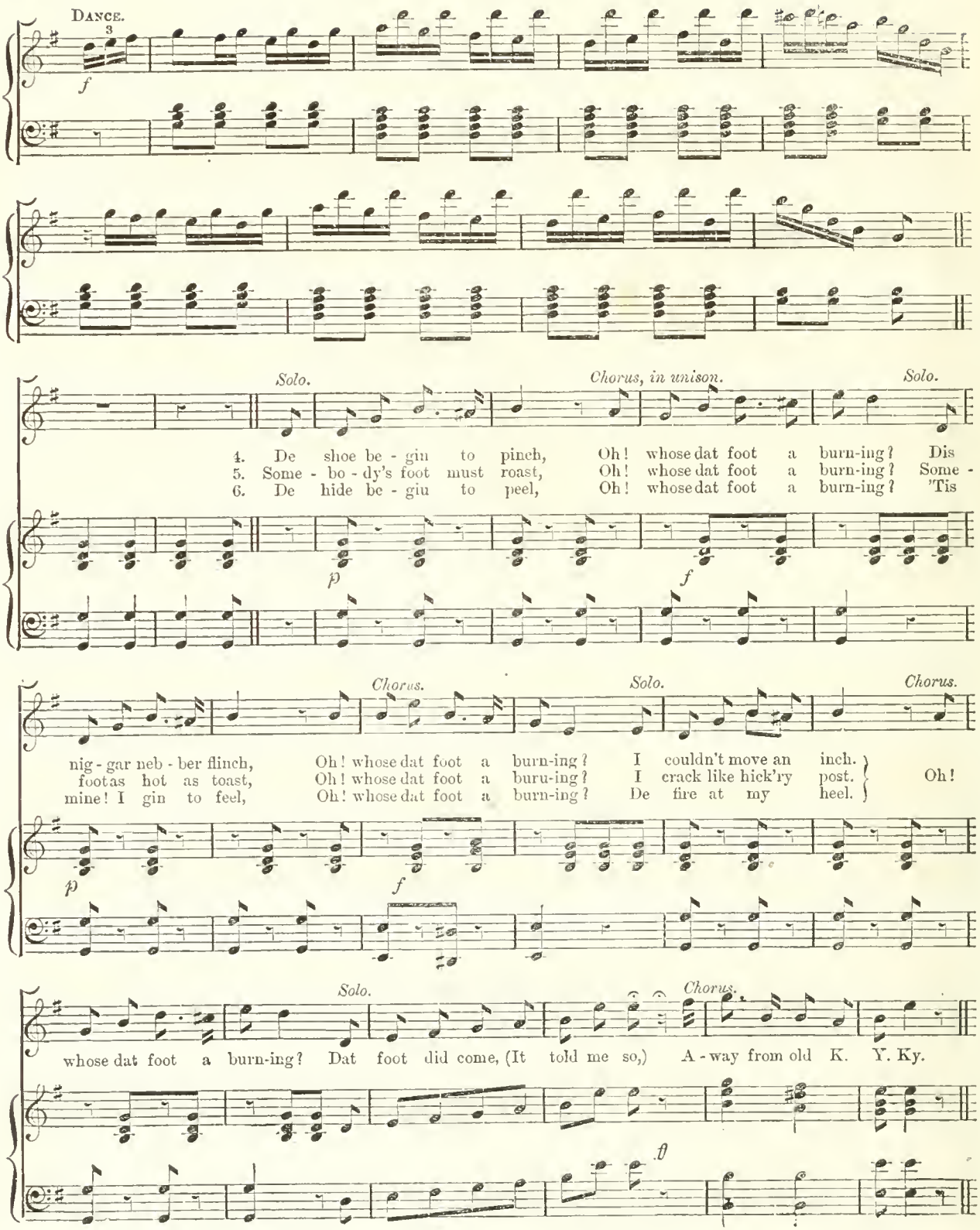
- way from old K. Y. Ky. Whose dat foot a burn - - ing? Oh!

whose dat foot, I say. Oh! whose dat foot a burn - - - ing? Oh!

take dat foot a - way. Oh! whose dat foot a burn - ing? Oh! whose dat foot, I

say! Dat foot did come, (It told me so,) A - way from old K. Y. Ky.

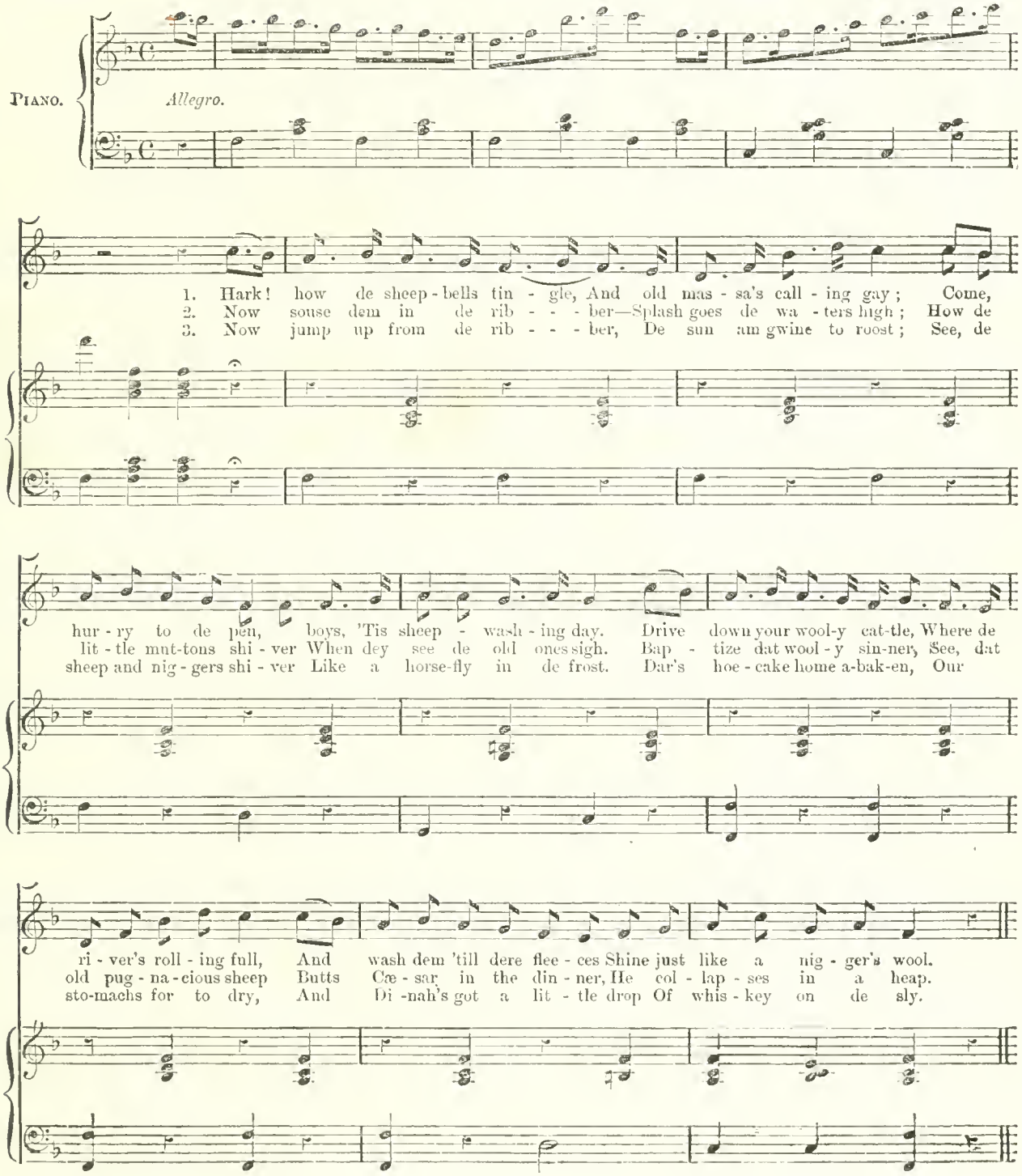
ff


Dance.
3
f
Solo.
Chorus, in unison.
Solo.
4. De shoe be - gin to pinch, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? Dis
5. Some - bo - dy's foot must roast, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? Some -
6. De hide be - giu to peel, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? 'Tis
p
f
Chorus.
Solo.
Chorus.
nig - gar neb - ber flinch, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? I couldn't move an inch.
foot as hot as toast, Oh! whose dat foot a buru-ing? I crack like hick'ry post.
mine! I gin to feel, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? De fire at my heel.
Oh!
p
f
Solo.
Chorus.
whose dat foot a burn-ing? Dat foot did come, (It told me so,) A - way from old K. Y. Ky.
ff

No. 14. THE SHEEP-WASHING DAY.

SUNG BY R. B. BUCKLEY.

WORDS BY S. S. STEELE. COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.



Soprano.

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

Alto.

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

Tenor.

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

Bass.

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

Piano.

No. 15. GONE ARE THE DAYS.

Sung by R. Bishop Buckley. Written and Composed by S. C. Foster.

Piano.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days When my heart was young and gay!
2. Why do I weep, When my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts Once so hap - py and free!

Gone are my friends, From the cot-ton fields a-way— Gone from the earth To a
Why do I sigh That my friends come not a-gain? Griev - ing for friends Now de -
Chil - dren so dear, That I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore Where my

bet - ter land, I know! I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
- part - ed long a - go! I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
soul as long to go! I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus, after each verse.

SOPRANO. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

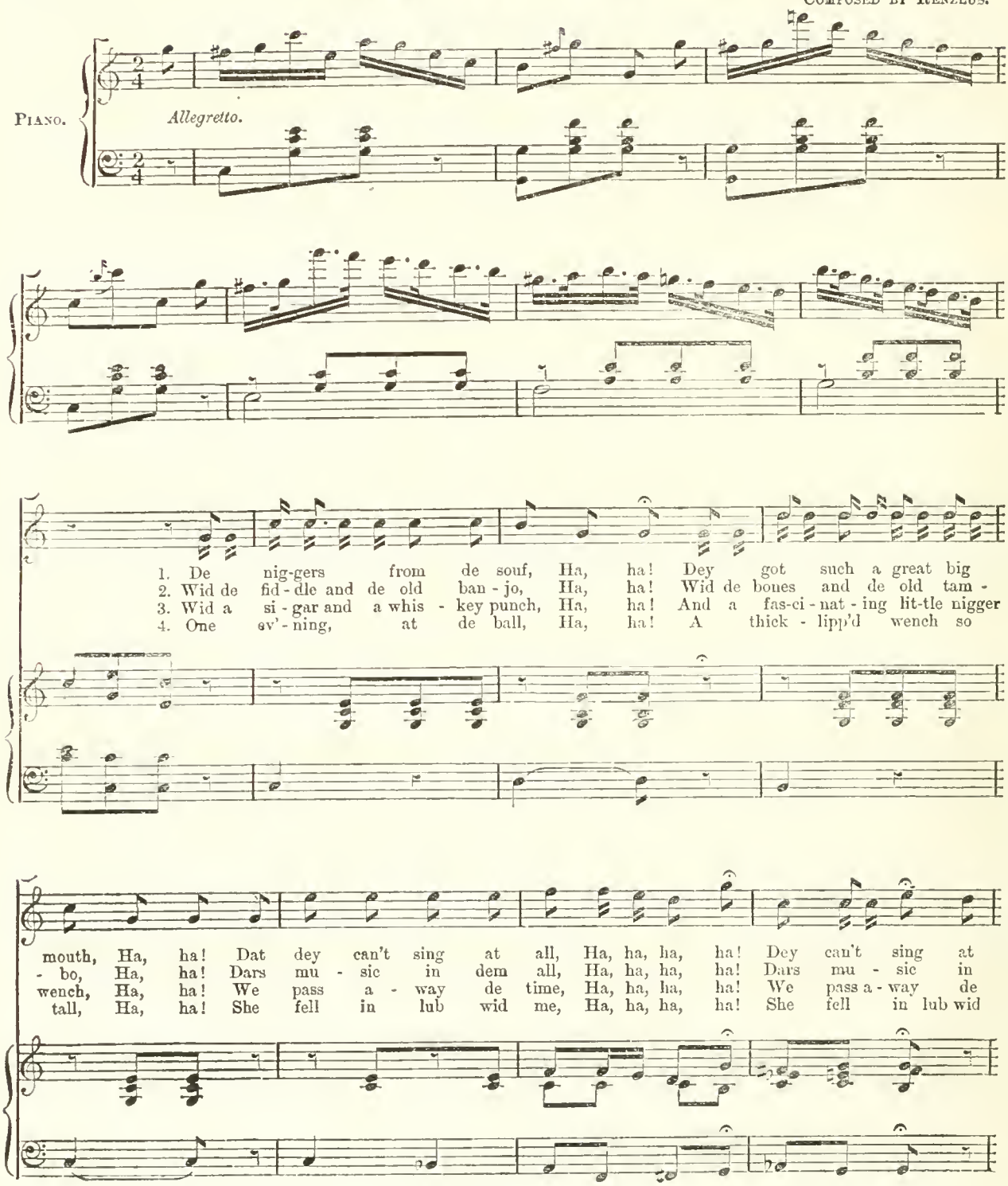
ALTO. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

BASS. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

PIANO.

No. 16. LAUGHING SONG.

Composed by Renzlus.



1st Tenor.

all. . . . .
all. . . . .
time. . . . .
me. . . . .

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

2nd Tenor.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

1st Bass.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

2nd Bass.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

south, . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

south, . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

south, . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

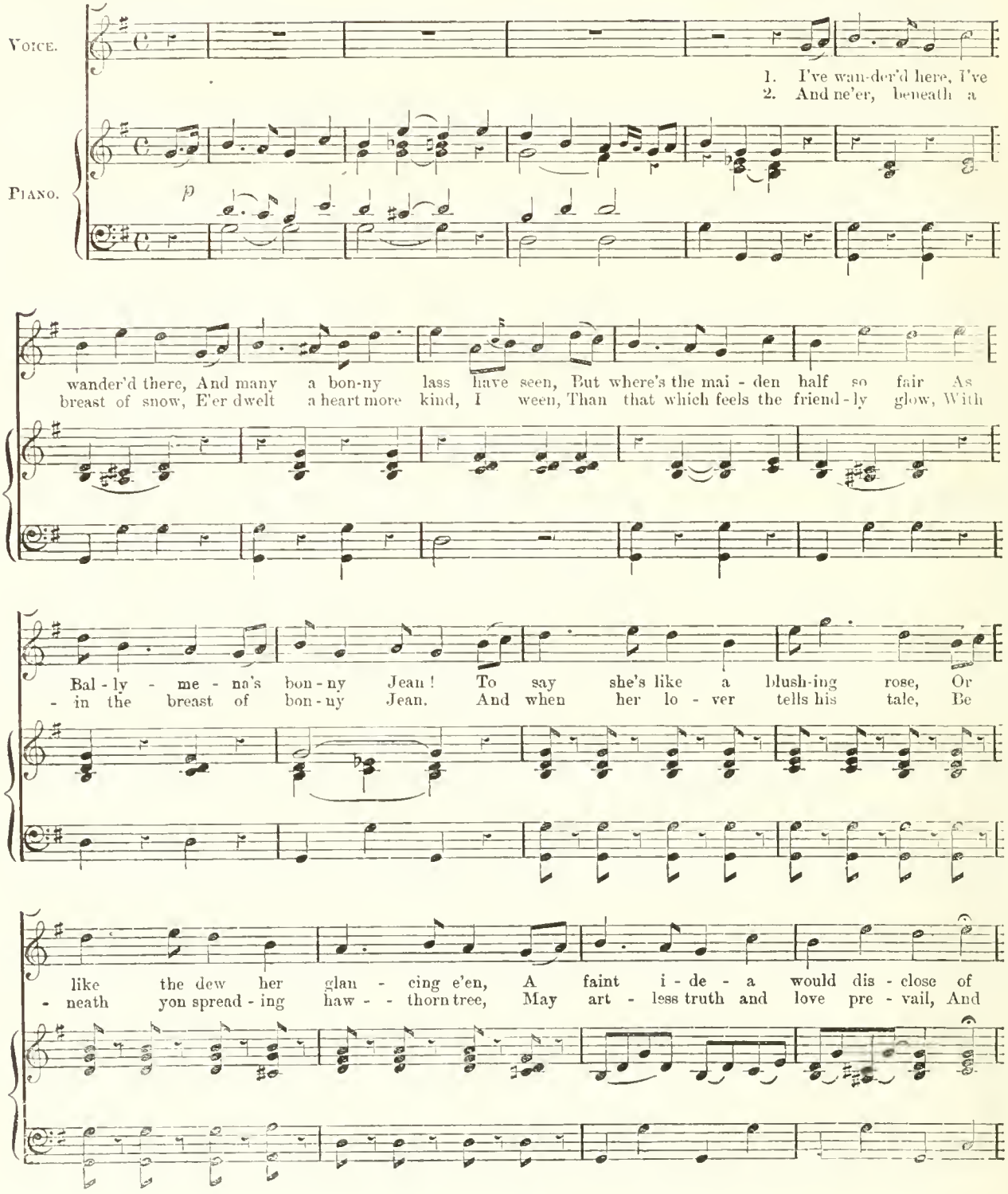
south, . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

No. 17.

BONNY JEAN.

Sung by R. Bishop Buckley.

Composed by Frederick Buckley.



all the charms of Bon-ny Jean.
win the heart of Bon-ny Jean.
To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

ALTO.

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

TENOR.

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

BASS.

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

No. 18. LAUGHING JENNIE.

Composed by Frederick Buckley.

Lively.

Piano.

1. Laugh-ing Jen-nie, mer-ry Jen-nie, Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee,
2. In a lit-tle sim-ple cot-tage, Where the ro-ses twine,

rit. *pp*

Oh! she is the sweet-est las-sie E-ver you did see; Eyes of bright-ness, brow of white-ness,
Car-ing not for wealth or fash-ion, Dwells this las-sie mine. And I'll tell you—'tis a se-cret

Teeth a-like the pearls; Oh! she is in-deed the fair-est, Of our vil-lage girls
You should ne-ver tell— She should grace a prince-ly man-sion, Sure-ly just as well.

Nim-ble fin-gers e-ver bu-sy, I-dle-ness is wrong, Cheer-ing ev-'ry lo-ve-ly mo-ment,
Ba-che-lor so lone and wea-ry, Why the sin-gle state? Groan-ing o-ver wo-man's weak-ness

p

With a plea-sant song. And the poor and nee-dy bless her; True and kind is she;
Fic-kle-ness, and fate, Hie thee to our qui-et vil-lage; Come and call on me,

Mak-ing all a-round her hap-py, Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee.
And I'll give an in-tro-duc-tion To our Jen-nie Lee. } Laugh-ing Jen-nie, mer-ry Jen-nie,

Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee, Oh! she is the sweet-est Las-sie E-ver you did see.

rit.

No. 19. THE BELLE OF TENESSEE.

Sung By G. S. Buckley. Arranged by Frederick Buckley.

Piano.

p

1. Now dar-kies do have pi-ty, And lis-ten un-to me, . . . I'll tell you of a yal-low gal Dat lives in Ten-ne-see; . . . Her hair is dark and cur-ly, Her teeth are pear-ly white, . . . Her eyes dey spar-kle like de stars, Dey shine so bright at night. . . .

2. You may talk a-bout Su-sa-nah, And your pret-ty Nan-cy Teal, . . . Your Belle of Lou-is-a-na, And your pret-ty Lu-cy Neal; . . . But when you talk of Ro-sa, No o-ther gal can shine, . . . For when you talk of beau-ty, She leaves them all be-hind. . . .

3. But when I left dat hap-py spot, It griev'd my heart full sore, . . . To think of leav-ing her be-hind, Ne-ver to see her more; . . . De tears dey start-ed to my eyes, When Ro-sa said to me, . . . "Now, dear-est Joe, don't leave me so, Way down in Ten-ne-see." . . .

Soprano.

Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

Alto.

Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee . . . . . The on - ly yal - low

Tenor.

Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

Bass.

Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

Piano.

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . .

No. 20. THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

Composed by Frederick Buckley.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. The flow'rs of May— how many a voice Of
2. How oft we've sought them by the brook, Whose
3. The Spring-time comes, the wild birds sing, The

p

these sweet flow'rs hath sung, And made our foot - steps linger where Their bright wild blos-soms
mu - - sic fill'd our ears, And left a deep im - pression there, That fa - ded not with
blos - - soms hang a - round, The woods are green with budding leaves, The hills with ver - dure

hung, A - way, a-mid the forest scenes, To hail the fes-tive day, And
years; And of-ten now we turn a-gain Un - to the ear- ly way, And
crown'd, But still we turn to that bright spot Where first our pleasures lay, To

wel-come back with the young year The blithe - some flow'rs of May.
dream of hap - - py moments spent A - mong the flow'rs of May.
smil- ing fields and ver-dant wood, And love - ly flow'rs of May.
The flow'rs of May—how

many a voice Of these sweet flowers hath sung, And made our foot - steps lin - ger where Their

bright wild blos-soms hung. The flow'rs of May, ... The flow'rs of

ALTO.

p

The flow'rs of May,

TENOR.

p

The flow'rs of May,

BASS.

p

The flow'rs of May.

p

May, ... The flow'rs of May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

ff

FIFTH SELECTION.

No. 21. UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING.

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

mp con. express. *dim.* *pp* *tr* *ritard.*

1. Un - der the wil - low she's laid with care,
2. Un - der the wil - low no songs are heard,
3. Un - der the wil - low by night and day,

p a tempo.

(Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing),— Un - der the wil - low, with
Near where my dar - ling lies dream - ing; Nought but the voice of some
Sor - row - ing e - ver I pon - der; Free from its sha - dow - y,

gold - en hair, My lit - tle one's qui - et - ly sleep - ing.
far off bird, Where life and its plea - sures are beam - ing.
gloom - y ray, Ah! ne - ver a - gain can she wan - der.

Chorus. *mp* *p*

Treble. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep-ing);

Alto. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep-ing);

Tenor. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep-ing);

Bass. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep-ing);

Piano. *mp* *p*

p rit.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

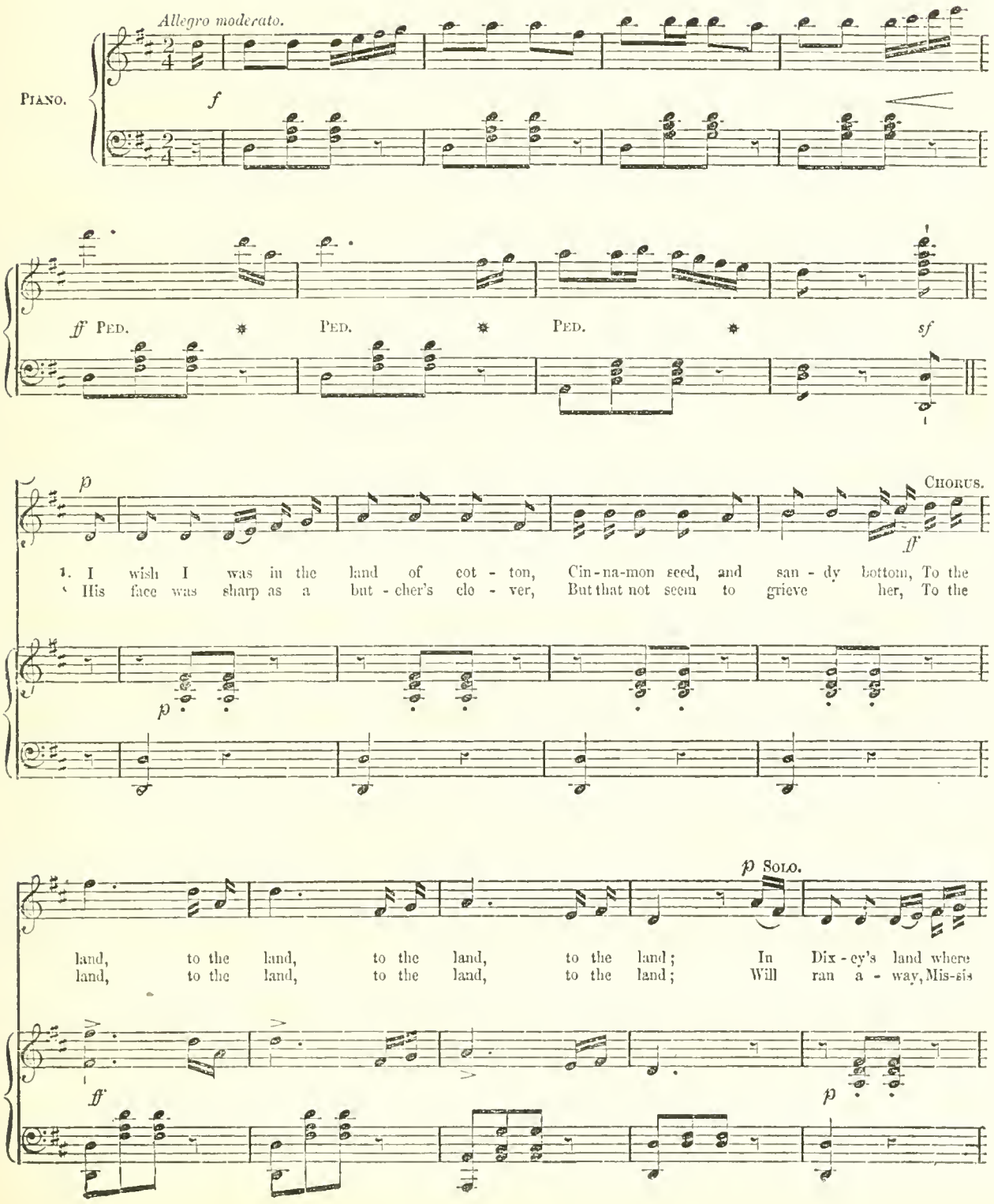
mf *p rit.*

mf a tempo.

Under the willow I breathe a pray'r,
Longing to linger for ever,
Near to my angel with golden hair,
In lands where there's sorrowing never.
Chorus—Fair, fair, &c.

No. 22.

DIXEY'S LAND.



ff Chorus.

I was born, Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn. } To the land, to the
took a de-cline, Her face was the col-our of ba - con rhine. }

land, to the land, to the land; I wish I was in Dix - ey.

p Solo.

Chorus. *ff* *p* *ff*

Soprano. Oh! . . . . In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

ff *p* *ff*

Alto. Oh! . . . . In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

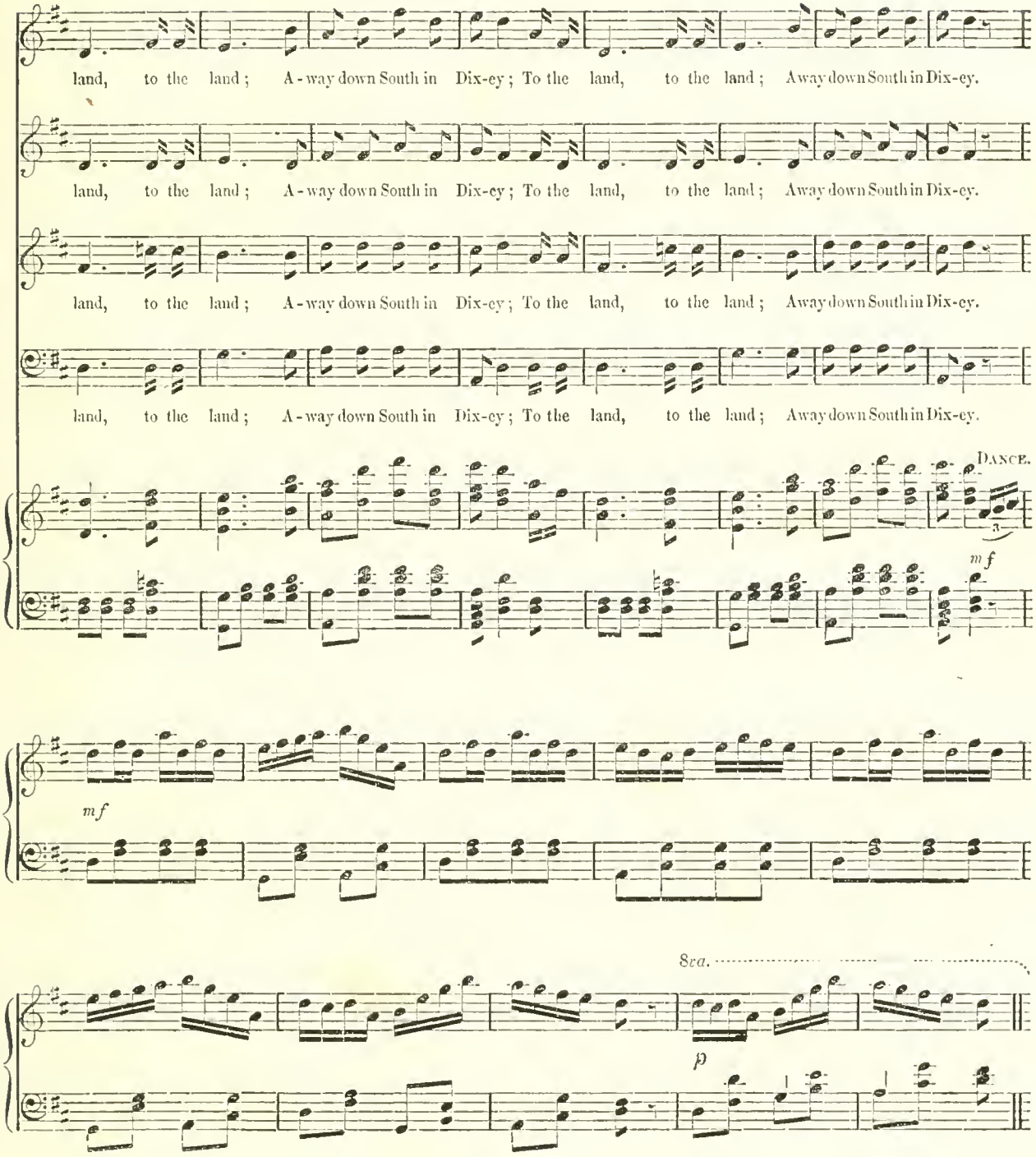
ff *p* *ff*

Tenor. Oh! . . . In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

ff *p* *ff*

Bass. Oh! . . . . In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

Piano. *ff* Ped. * *p* *ff*



While missus liv'd she liv'd in clover,
When she died she died all over;
To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land;
How could she act such a foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart;
To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land;
I wish I was in Dixey.

Chorus—Oh! &c.

Buckwheat cakes are good strong batter,
Make you fat, or a little fatter;
To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land,
Here's a health to next old missus,
An' all the gals that want to kiss us;
To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land;
I wish I was in Dixey.

Chorus—Oh! &c.

No. 23.

MINNIE CLYDE.

L. V. H. Crosby.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf. dim.

1. Oh! long I have sung of sweet Kit-ty Clyde, Who liv'd at the foot of the hill; And
2. I think her eyes are bright-er than Kit-ty's, The dim-ple in her chin is deep-er, I would
3. Oh! blest are the hearts that live in the cot, That stands at the foot of the hill; Oh!

p cres.

tho' that sweet pret-ty bird has flown, A-no-ther is li-ving there still. She's
be im-prison'd the rest of my life, With Min-nie Clyde for my keeper; In the
sweet are the songs that e-cho in the glen, By the murmur of the moss-co-ver'd mill; The

p

blythe and gay as the ro-bin that sings, On the trees by the old mill-side; And if
fes-tive throng she sings a sweet song, With the low-ly a-like she is meek; Her
birds all chant their notes to Min-nie The an-gels a-bove have ca-ress'd her But

cres.

e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis the charm - ing sweet Min-nie Clyde.
eyes are the win - dows of her soul, Thro' which Min - nie's heart . would speak. } Oh!
you have the an-gels, and you have the birds, And I'll have Kit - ty Clyde's sis - ter.

p *fz* *dim.*

Min-nie Clyde, she is my pride, And sure I am no jes - ter; For if

cres. *p*

e - ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit - ty Clyde's sis - ter.

CHORUS. *mp* *cres.*

TREBLE. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since I am no

cres.

ALTO. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since I am no

cres.

TENOR. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since I am no

cres.

BASS Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since I am no

PIANO. *mp* *cres.*

jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.

jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.

jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.

jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.

p *mf* *dim.*

No. 24. KEEMO KIMO.

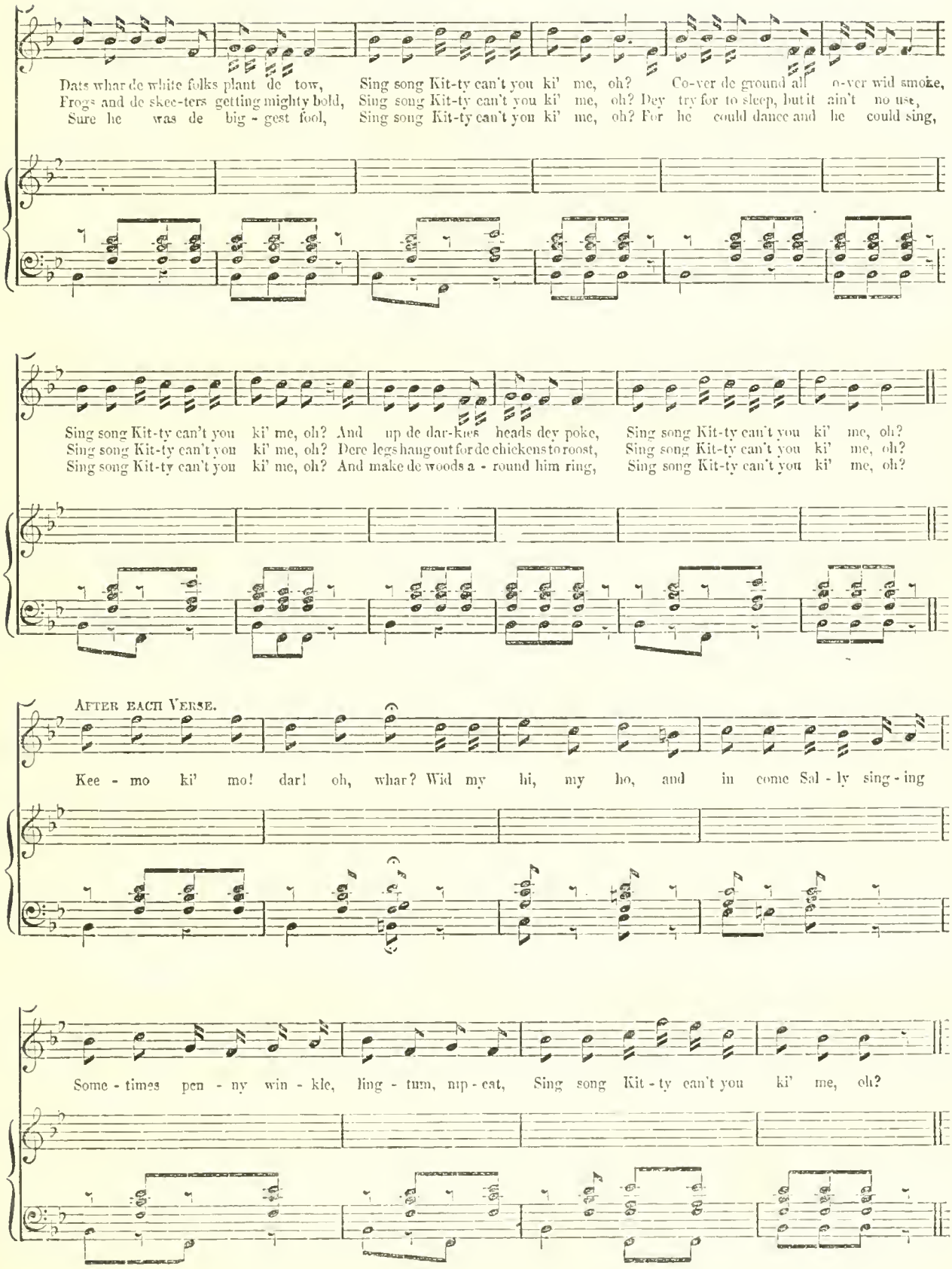
SUNG BY P. H. KEENAN. ARRANGED BY A. SEDGWICK.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

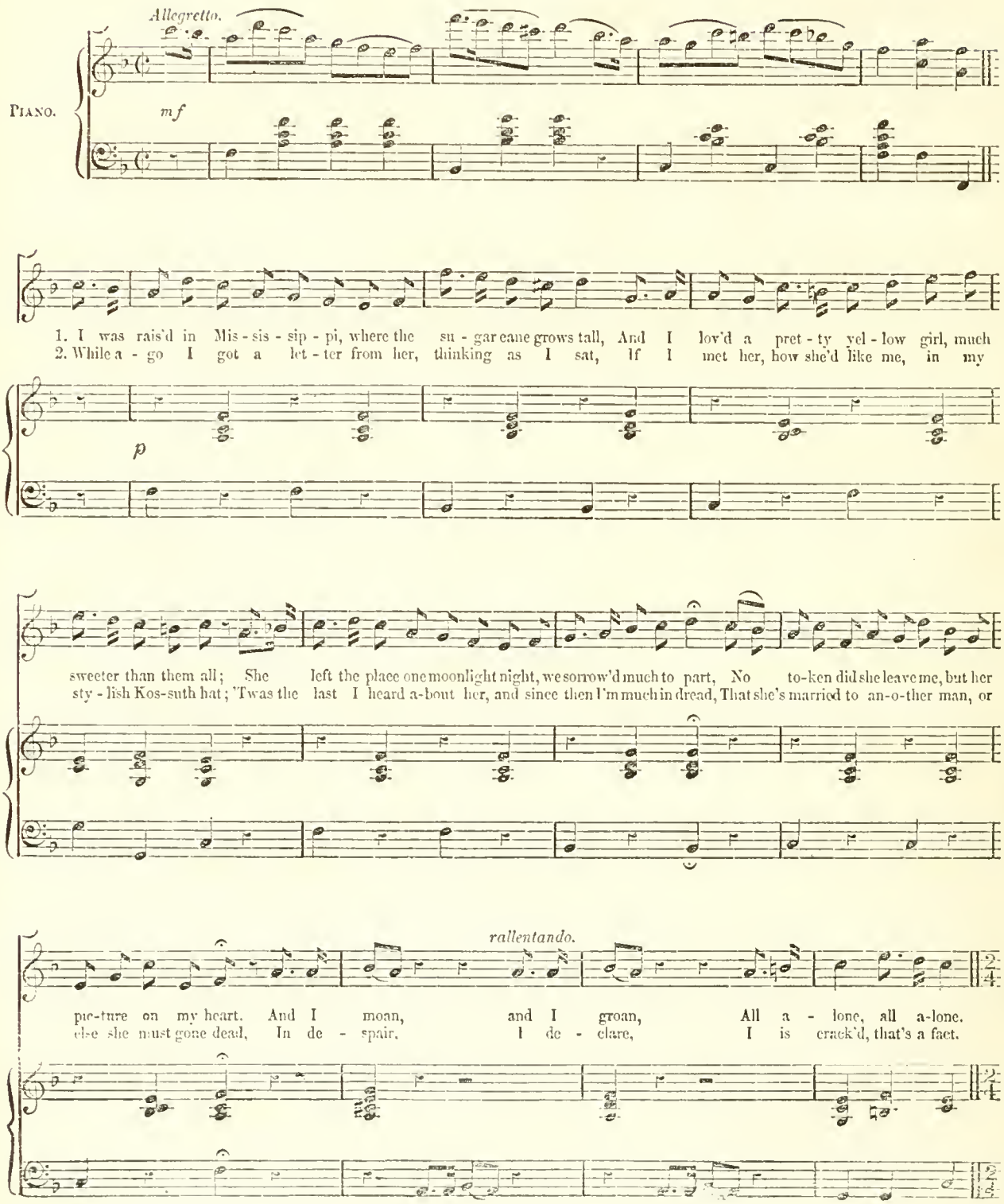
1. In South Car' - li - na de dar - kies go, Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki' me, oh?
2. Milk in de dai - ry nine days old, Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki' me, oh?
3. Dar was a frog liv'd in a pool, Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki' me, oh?

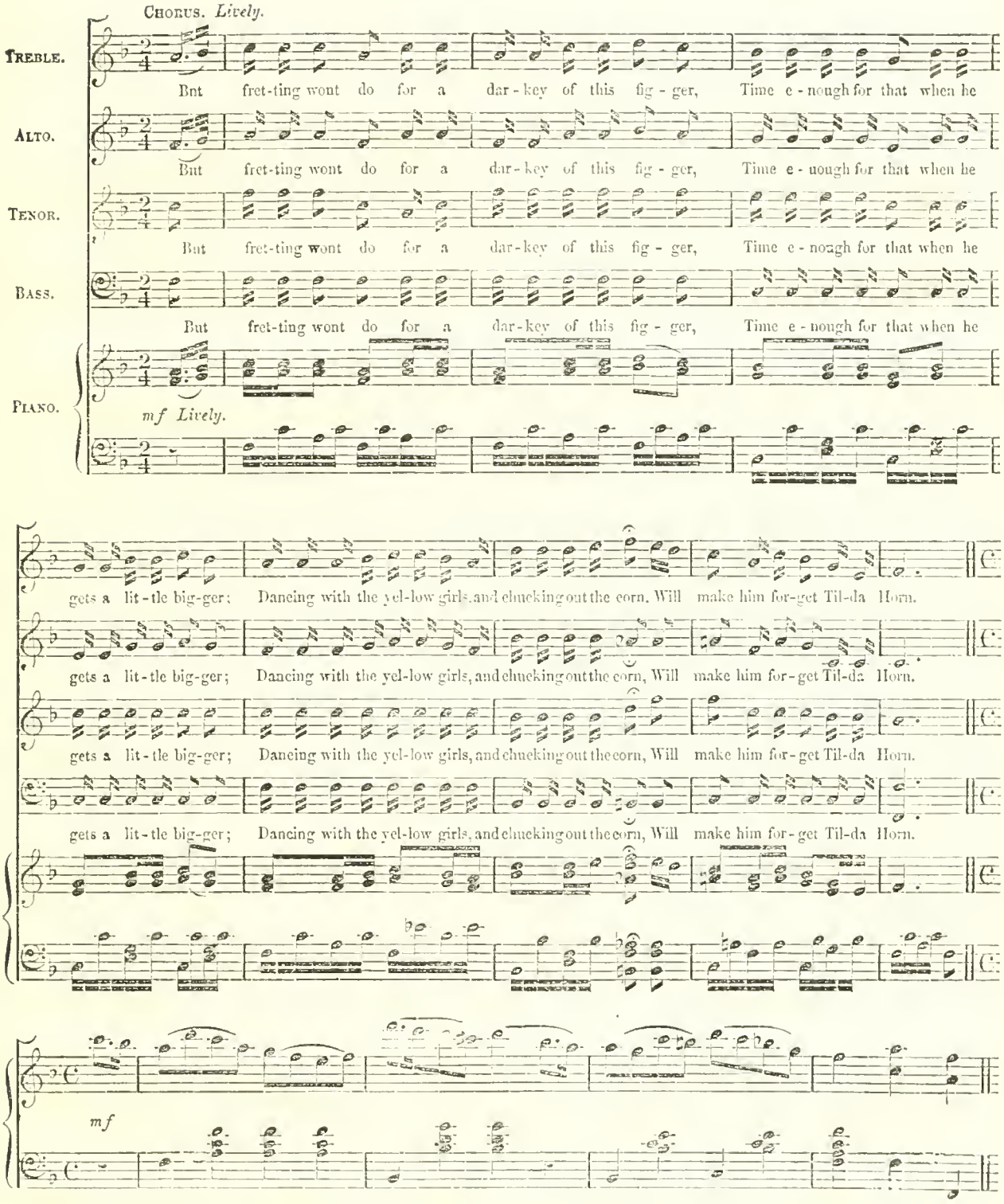
p


Dats whar de white folks plant de tow, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Co-ver de ground all o-ver wid smoke,
Frogs and de skee-ters getting mighty bold, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Dey try for to sleep, but it ain't no use,
Sure he was de big - gest fool, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? For he could dance and he could sing,
Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? And up de dar-kies heads dey poke, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?
Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Dere legs hang out for de chickens to roost, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?
Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? And make de woods a - round him ring, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?
After each Verse.
Kee - mo ki' mo! dar! oh, whar? Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sal - ly sing - ing
Some - times pen - ny win - kle, ling - tum, nip - cat, Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki' me, oh?

No. 25.

TILDA HORN.





Now I go about [illegible] the mouth, and stockings down at heel:
Like Massa Shakespeare's Hamlet too, I'm touch'd up here I feel;
His uncle gave him good advice, mine took my clothes in pawn,
And all to raise the cash to dress deceitful Tilda Horn.
Oh! this wool I can't pull,
This poor heart is so full.
But fretting, &c.

Since the Shakespeare's coming in my head, I'm like Othello too,
The victim of my jealous fears, I don't know what to do;
Desdemona lost her handkerchief, that wasn't much to lose,
But Tilda took my 'baccabox, my chi's and sunday [illegible].
Now I stray all the day,
From the gay far away
But fretting, &c.

No. 26. GOOD BYE, SALLY DEAR!

WORDS BY SAM WELLS. MUSIC BY F. HOWARD.

Allegro con anima.

PIANO.

p

f

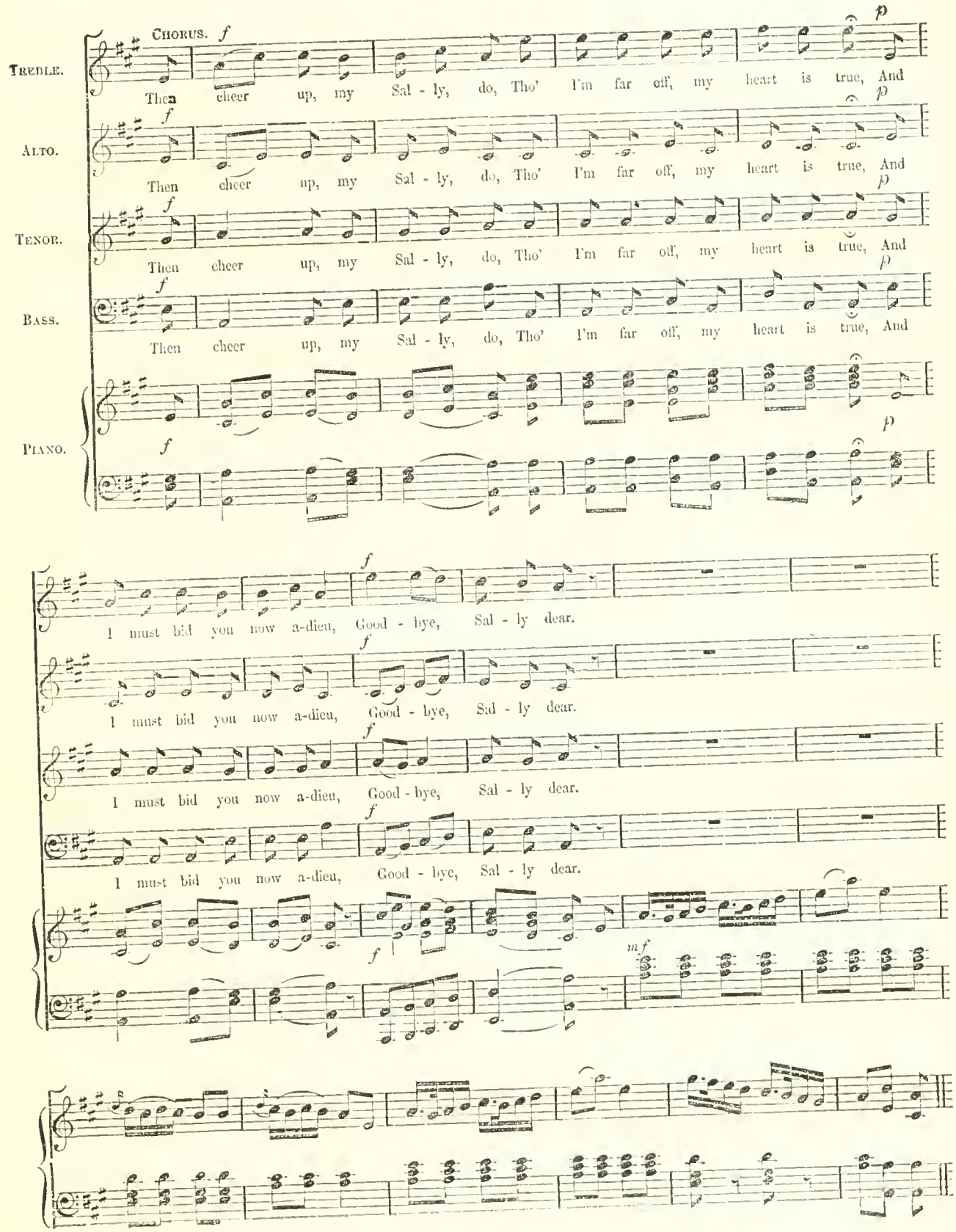
1. My Sal - ly dear, I'm gwan to leave you, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; Oh, do not let my part - ing grieve you,
2. To de cot - ton fields we must a - way, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; Our mas - sa's call must be o - bey'd,
3. I lab you more dan all my life, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; When I re - turn you'll be my wife,

p

Good bye, Sal - ly dear. For since dear Sal - ly we must part, Do not let it
Good bye, Sal - ly dear. We go to pick de corn so nice, And gadder in de
Good bye, Sal - ly dear. Be - fore I go I'll take one kiss, I don't tink dat

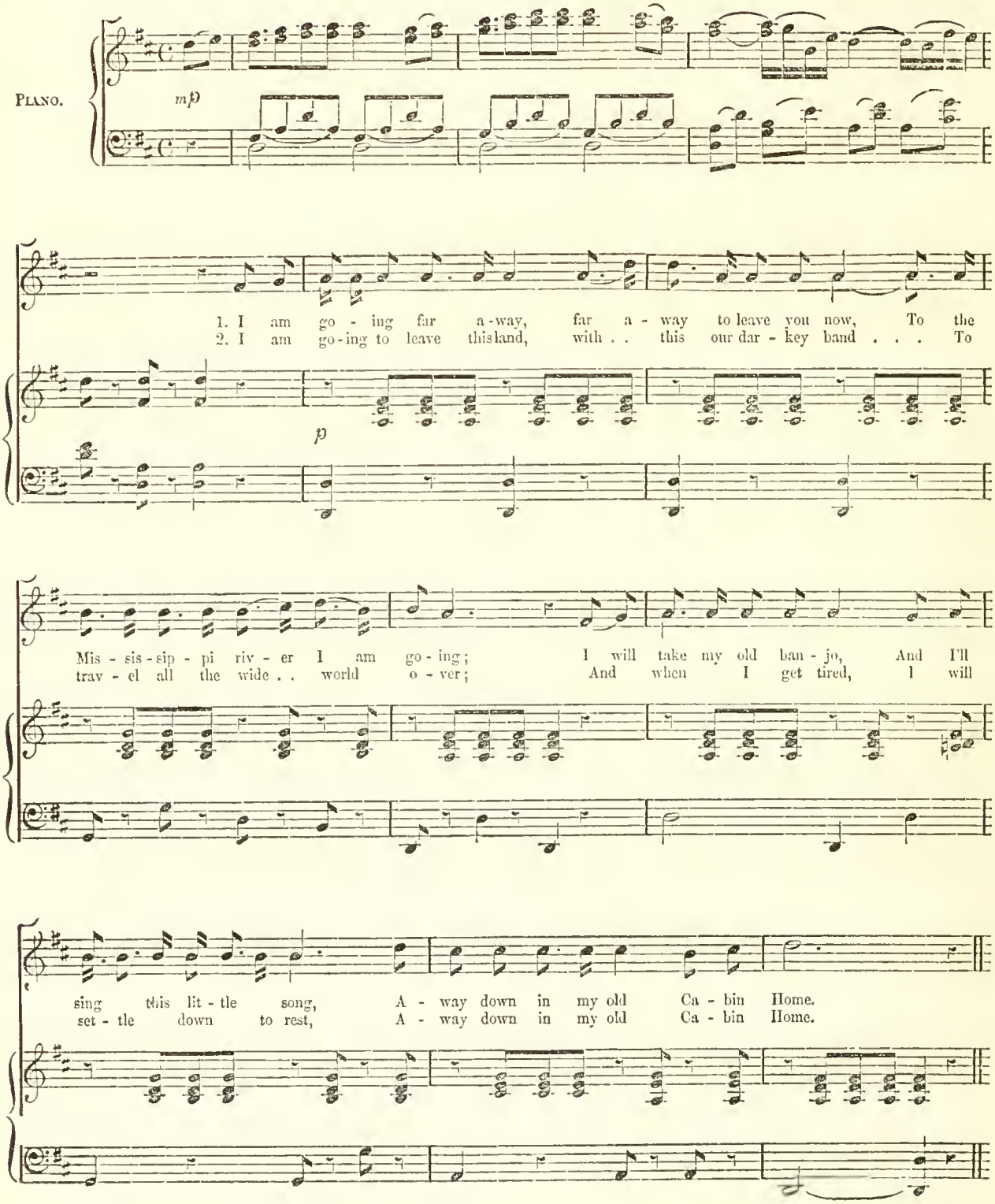
p

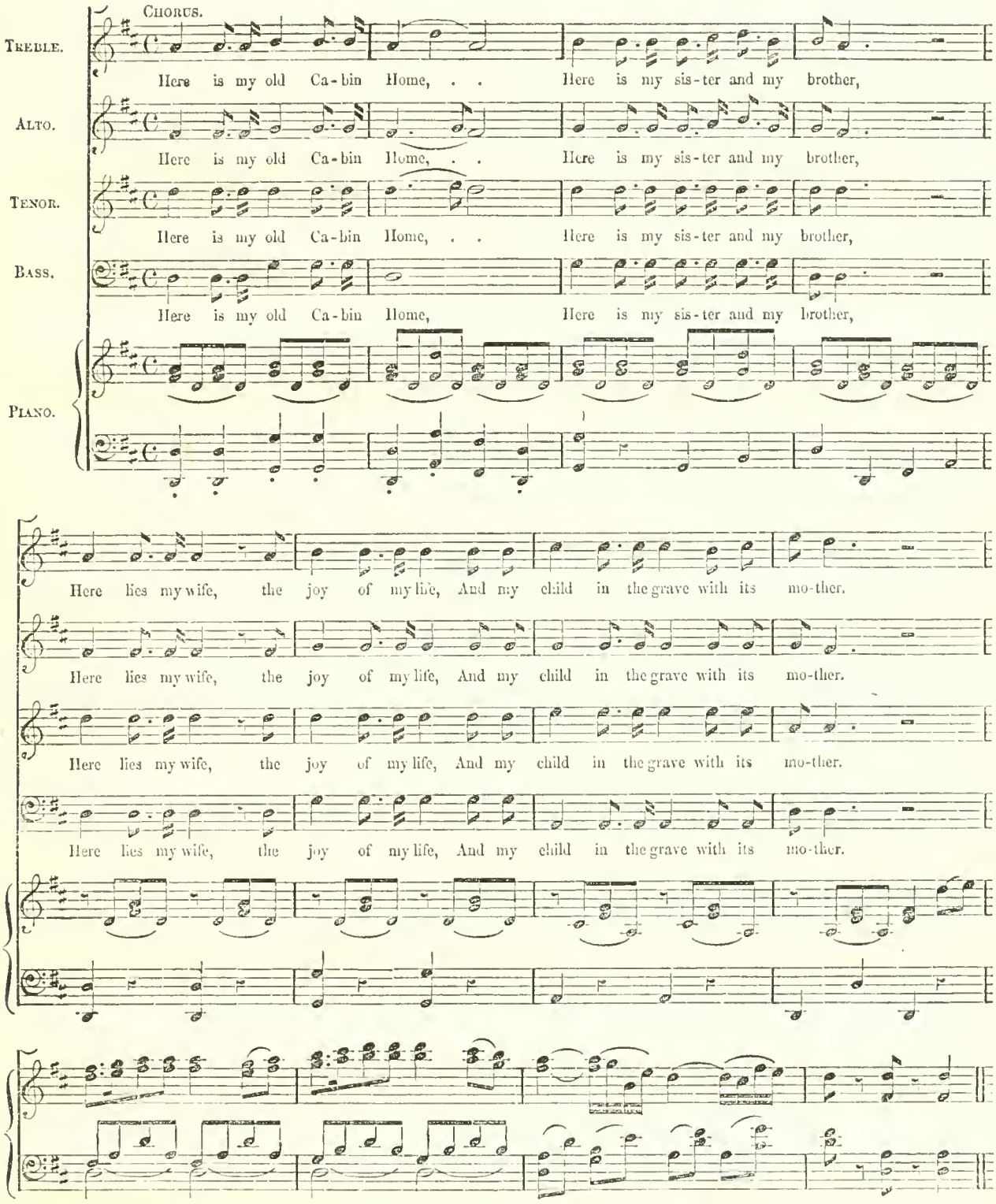
break your heart, Al - tho' I'm go - ing far a - way, I'll re - turn a - no - der day.
crops of rice, Whar all de nig - gars am a hoeing, And de cotton pods are grow - ing.
will be a-miss, You are my charm - ing lit - tle Sal, My pret-ty lit - tle colour'd gal.


Chorus.
Treble.
Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And
Alto.
Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And
Tenor.
Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And
Bass.
Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And
Piano.
I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.
I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.
I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.
I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.

No. 27. THE OLD CABIN HOME.

T. Paine.



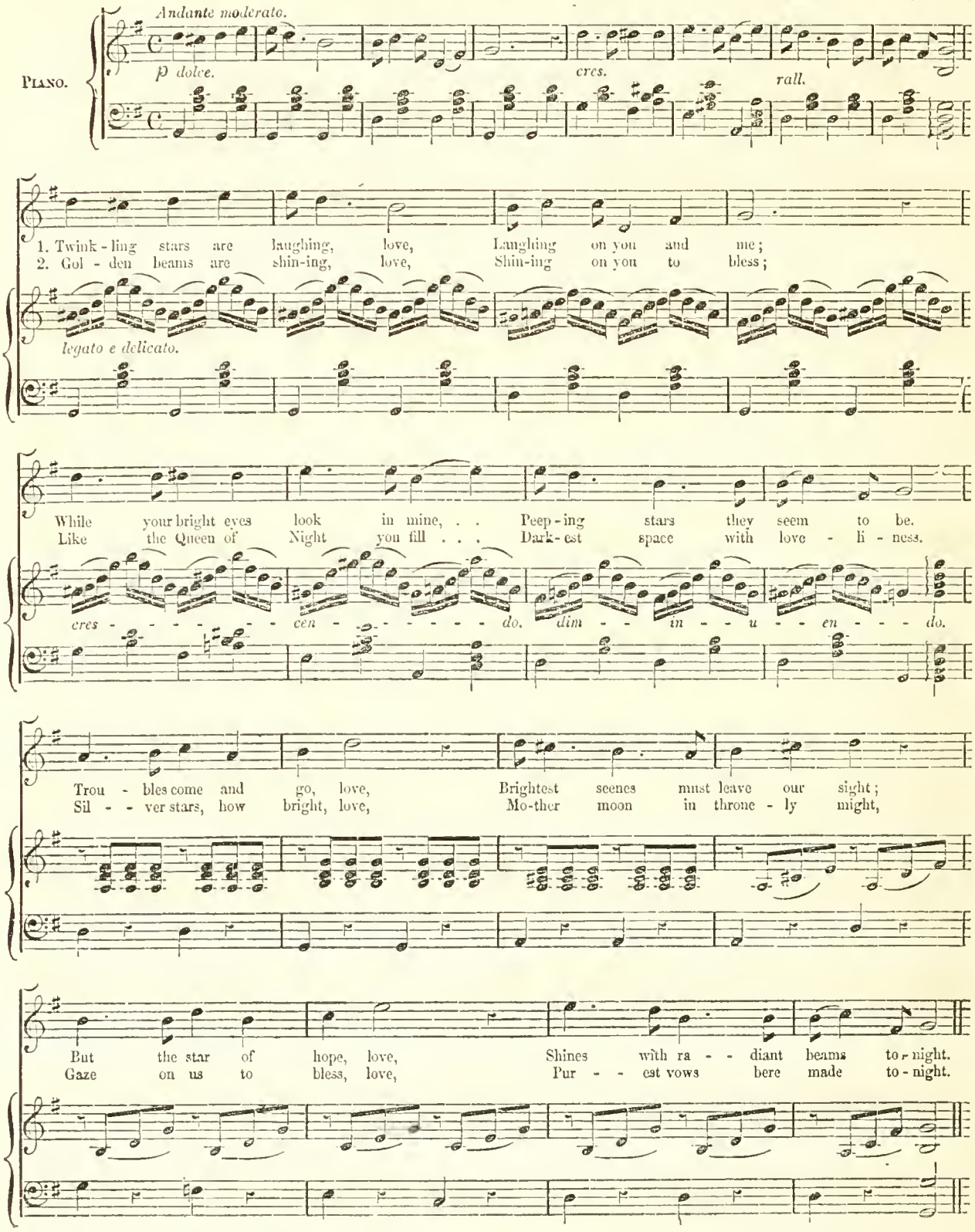


When old age comes on us,
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up the banjo all alone;
I'll set down by the fire,
And I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my old cabin home.
Here is my old, &c.

'Tis there where I roam,
Away down on the old farm,
Where all the darkeys am free;
O merrily sound the banjo
For de white folks round de room,
Away down in my old cabin home.
Here is my old, &c.

No. 28. TWINKLING STARS ARE LAUGHING, LOVE.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. P. ORDWAY.



1st Soprano.

Twink - ling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me;

2nd Soprano.

Twink - ling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me;

Tenor.

Twink - ling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me;

Bass.

Twink - ling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me;

legato e delicato.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

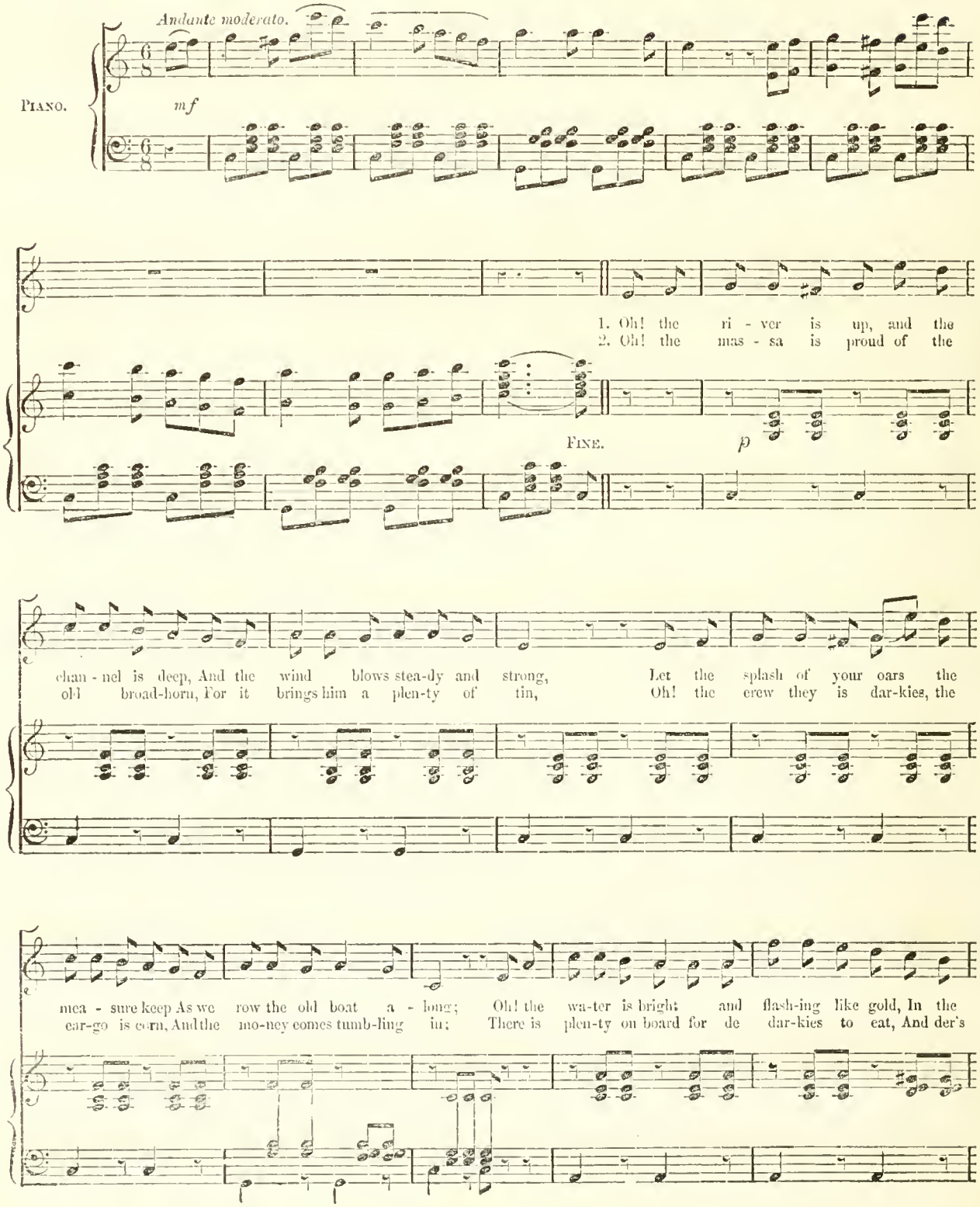
While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - do. dim - - - - in - - u - - en - - - do.

dolce e legato. *cres.* *rall.*

No. 23. DOWN THE RIVER, DOWN THE OHIO.



rays of the morn - ing sun, And old Di - nah's up a - way out of the cold, And get-ting the hoe - cake
something to drink and to smoke, Der's the ban-jo, the bones, and the tam - bou-rine, Der's the song and the co - mic

done.
joke. } Oh! the ri - ver is up and the chan-nel is deep, And the wind blows stea-dy and strong; Let the

splash of your oars the mea - sure keep, As we row the old boat a - long.

Chorus.

Treble. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

Alto. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

Tenor. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

Bass. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

Piano. *mf*

Svcs. . . . . . .

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

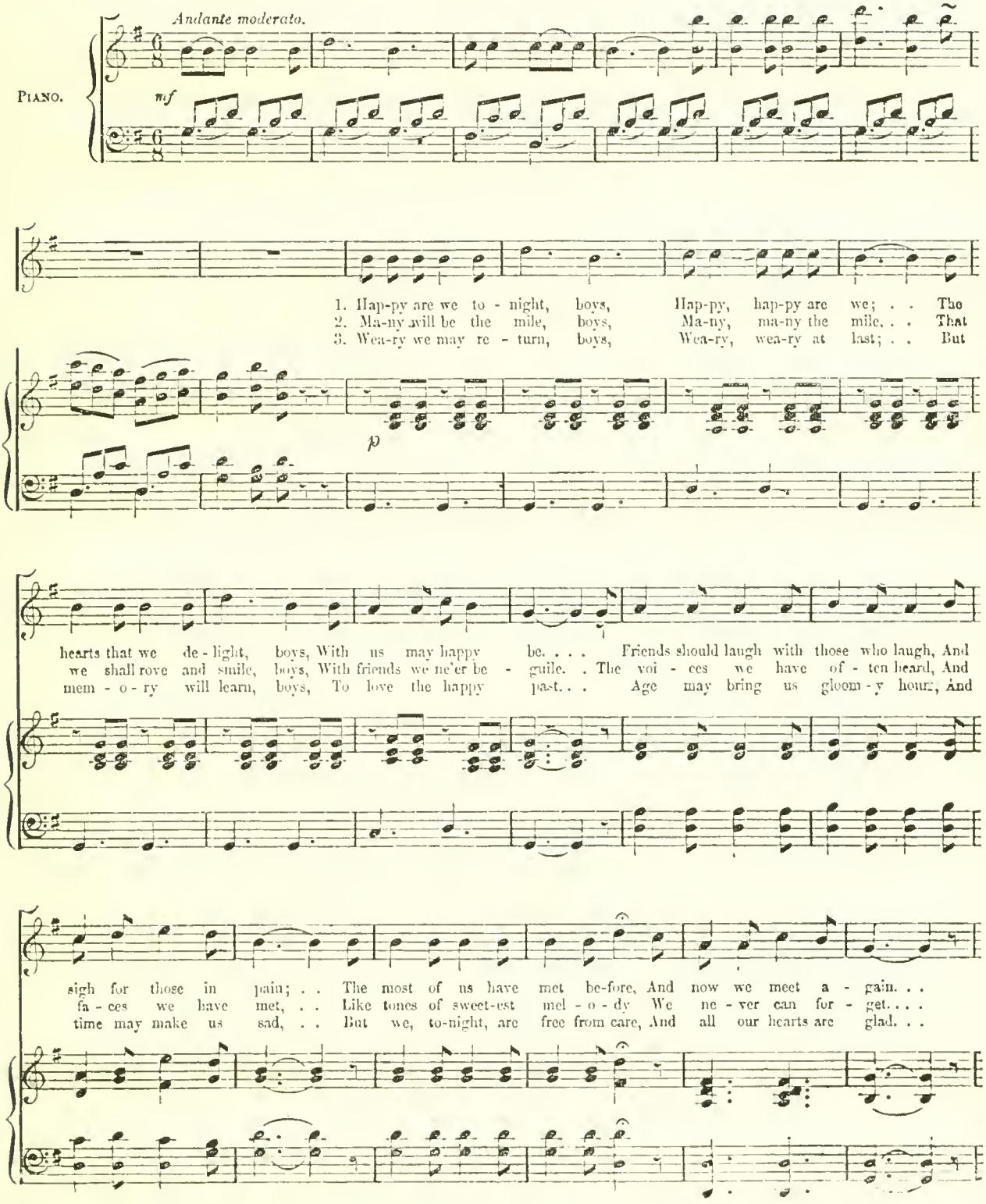
Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

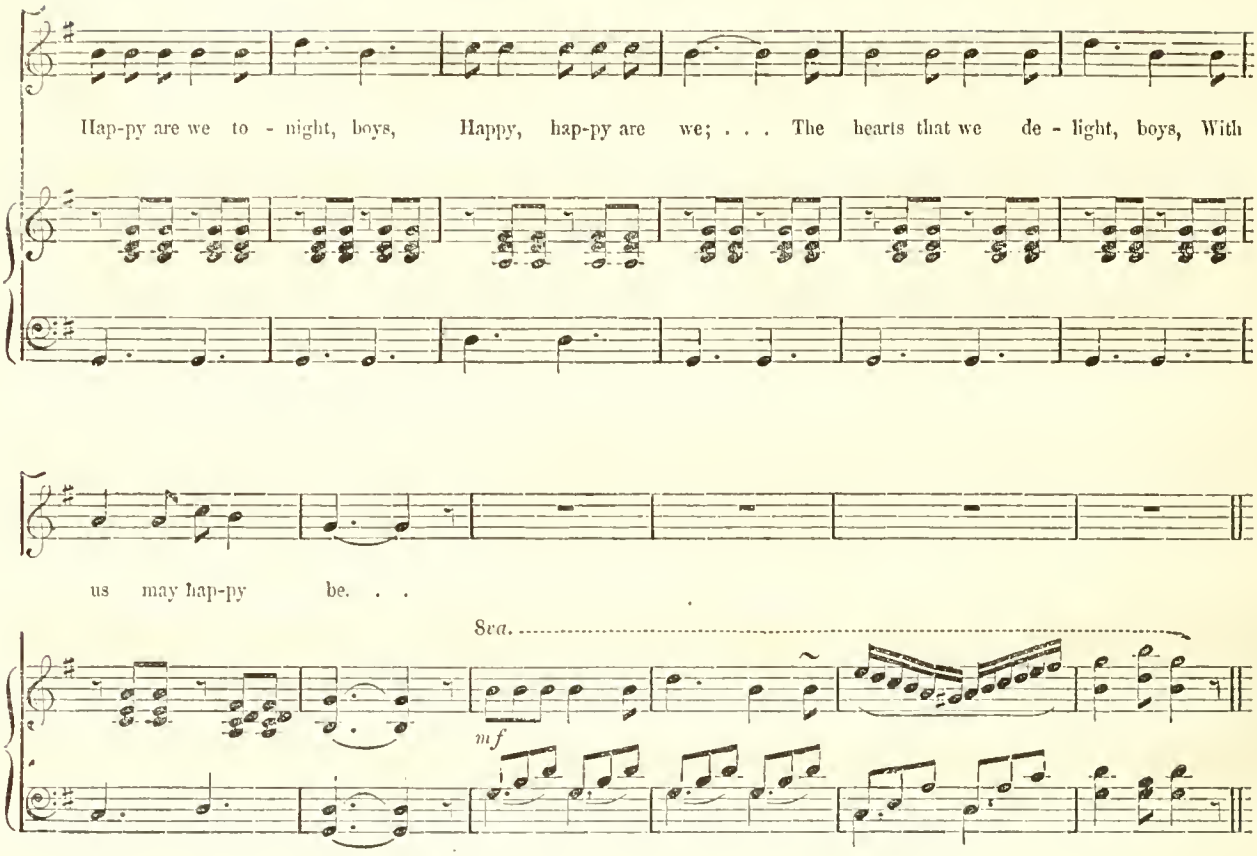
Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Sea.

No. 30. HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. S. PIKE. ARRANGED BY J. P. ORDWAY.

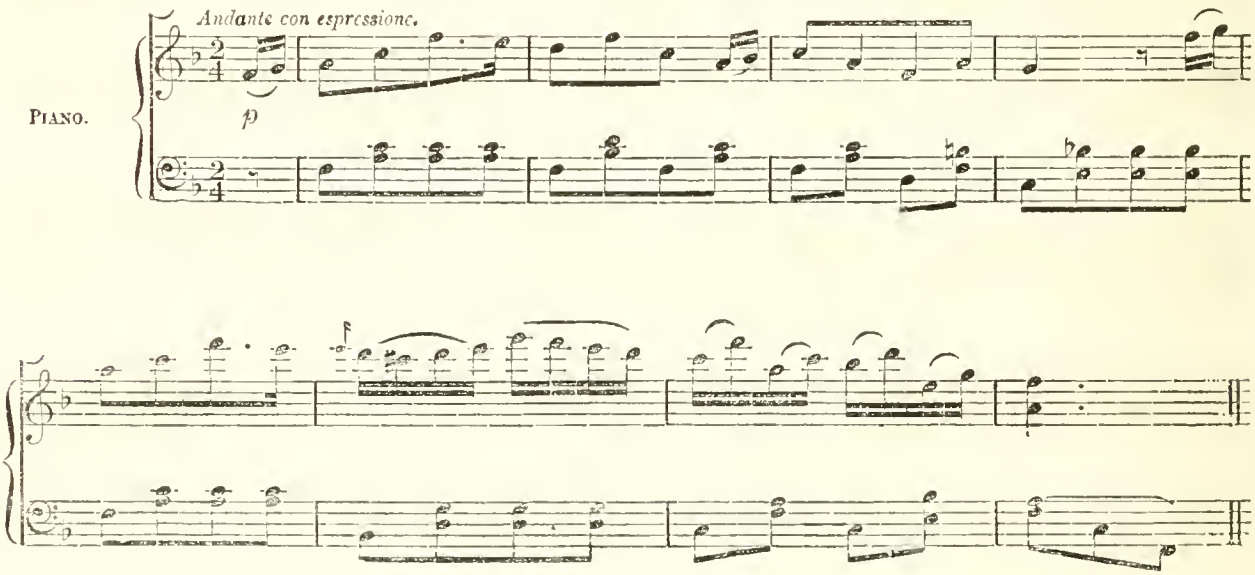




No 31.

ELLA REE.

Words by C. E. Steuart. Music by James W. Porter.



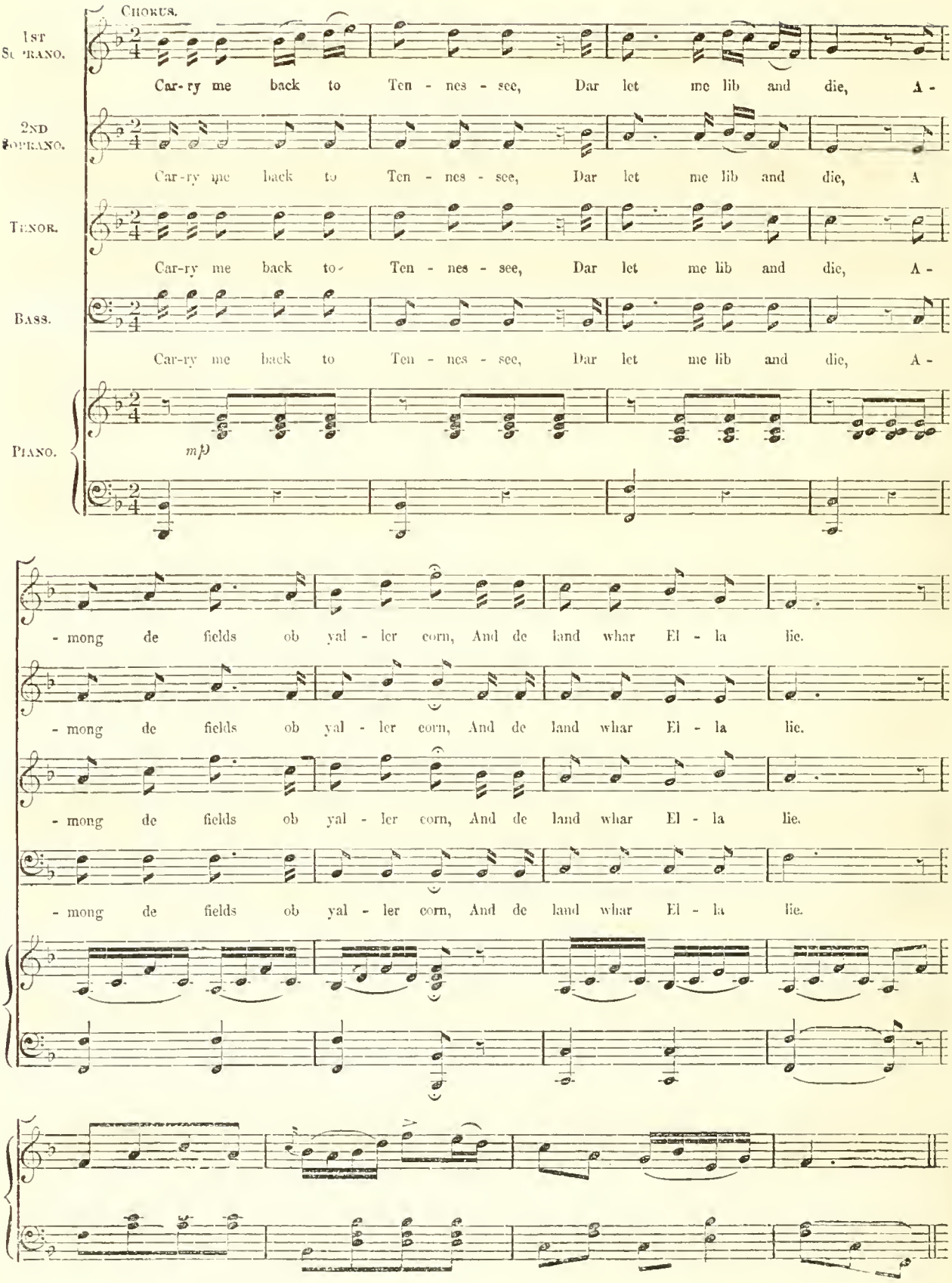
1. Oh, El - la Ree, so kind and true, In the lit - tle church-yard lies. Her
2. Her pret - ty eyes and gen - tle form, Me - thinks I yet can see, I
3. De sum - mer moon will rise and set, An, de night - birds thrill der lay And de

p

grave am bright, wid drops ob dew, But brigh - ter were her eyes.
love de spot whar she was born Way down in Ten - nes - see. } Den
pos-sum and coon so soft - ly step, Round de grave of El - la Ree.

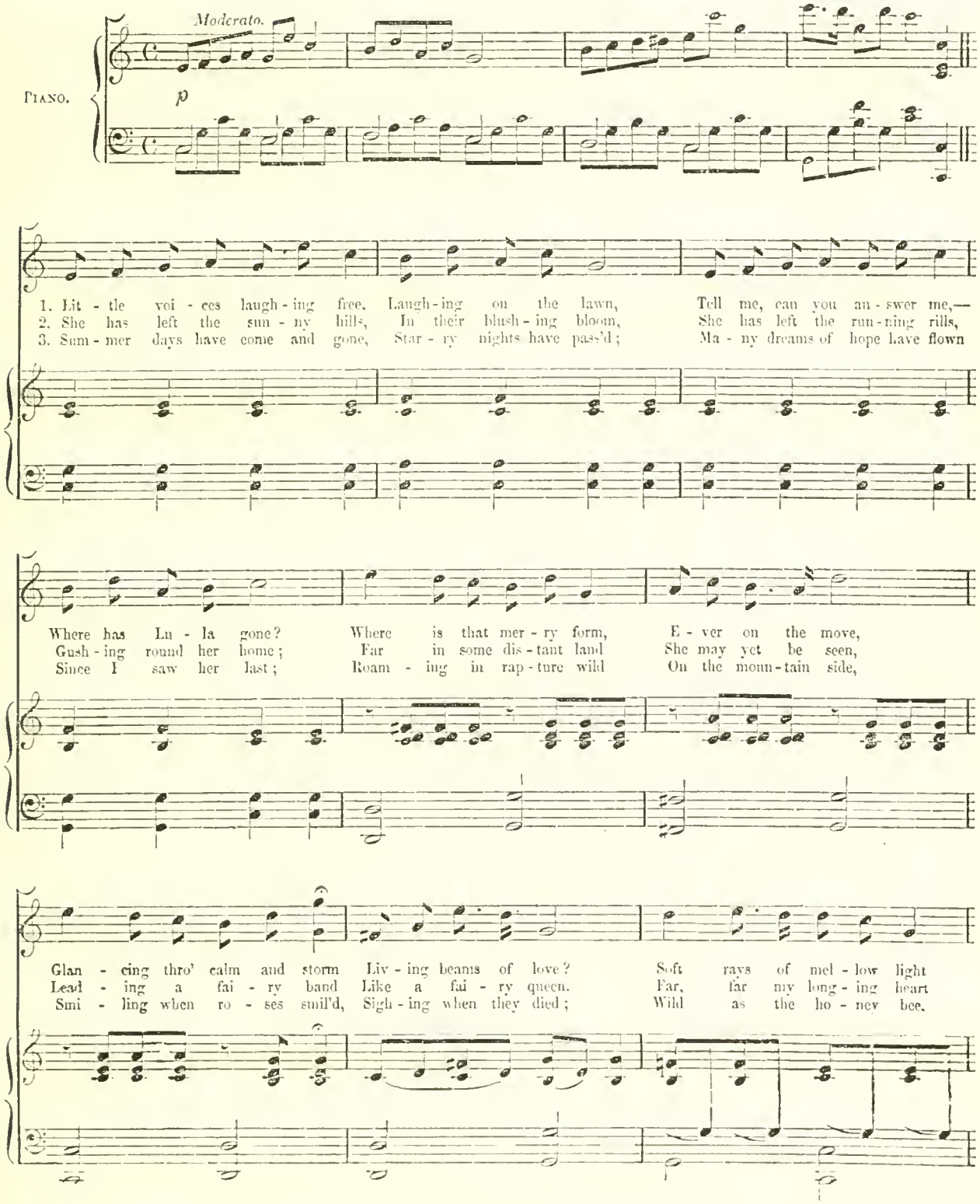
car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me live and die, A -

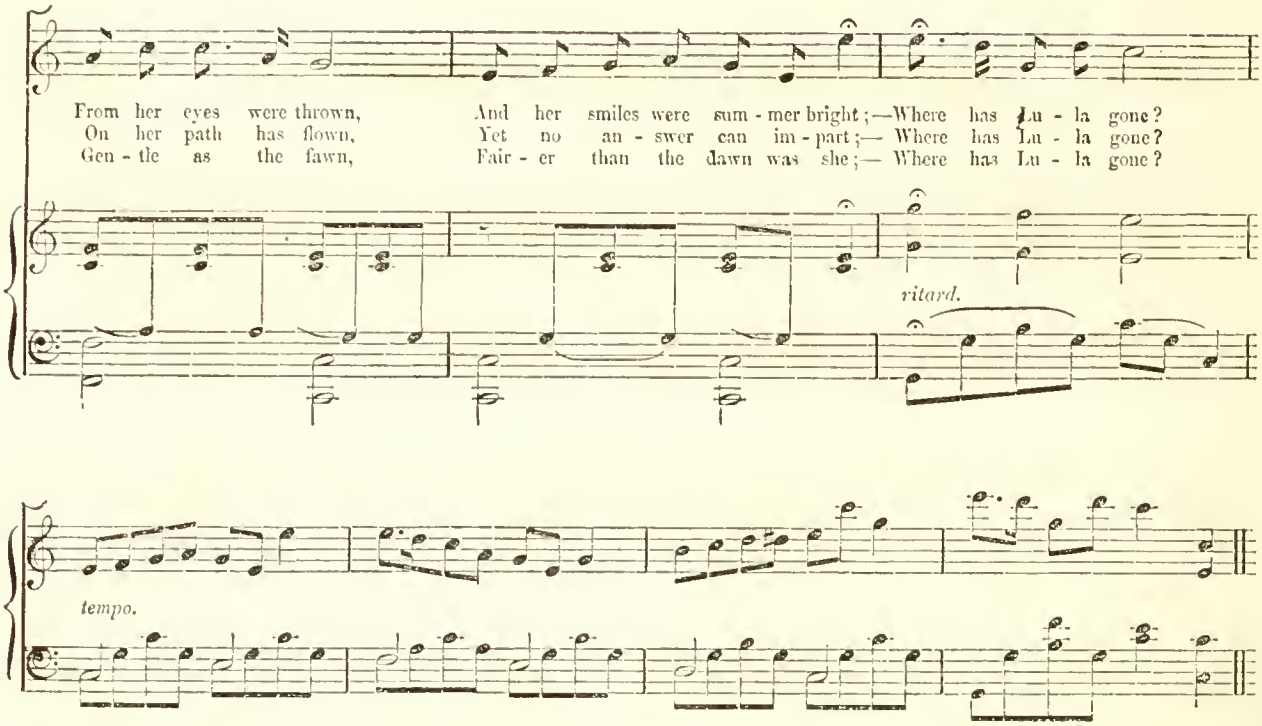
- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.


Chorus.
1st Soprano.
Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -
2nd Soprano.
Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A
Tenor.
Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -
Bass.
Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -
Piano.
mp
- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.
- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.
- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.
- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

No. 32. WHERE HAS LULA GONE?

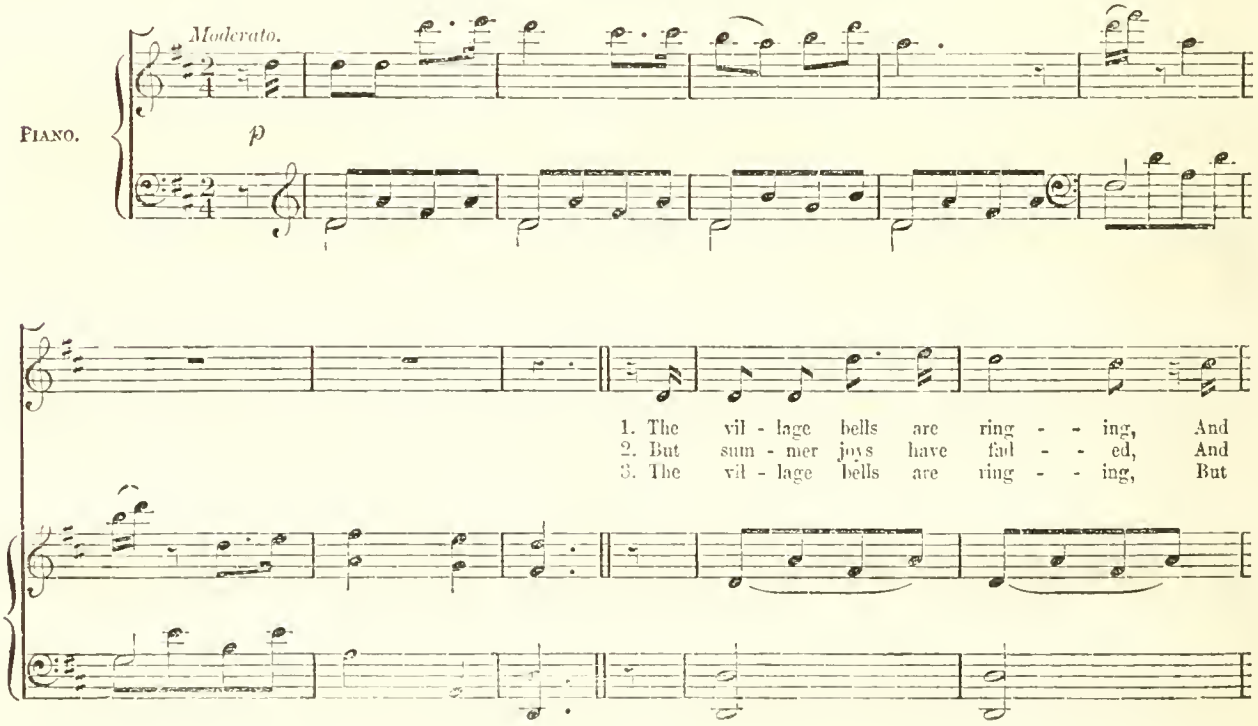
POETRY AND MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.





No. 33. THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Poetry and Music by S. C. Foster.



mer - ri - ly they chime, The vil - lage choir is sing - ing, For 'tis a hap - py time; The
sum-mer hopes have flown, Her brow with grief is shad - ed, Her hap - py smiles are gone; Yet
hark! how sad and slow— The vil - lage choir is sing - ing A re-quiem soft and low; And

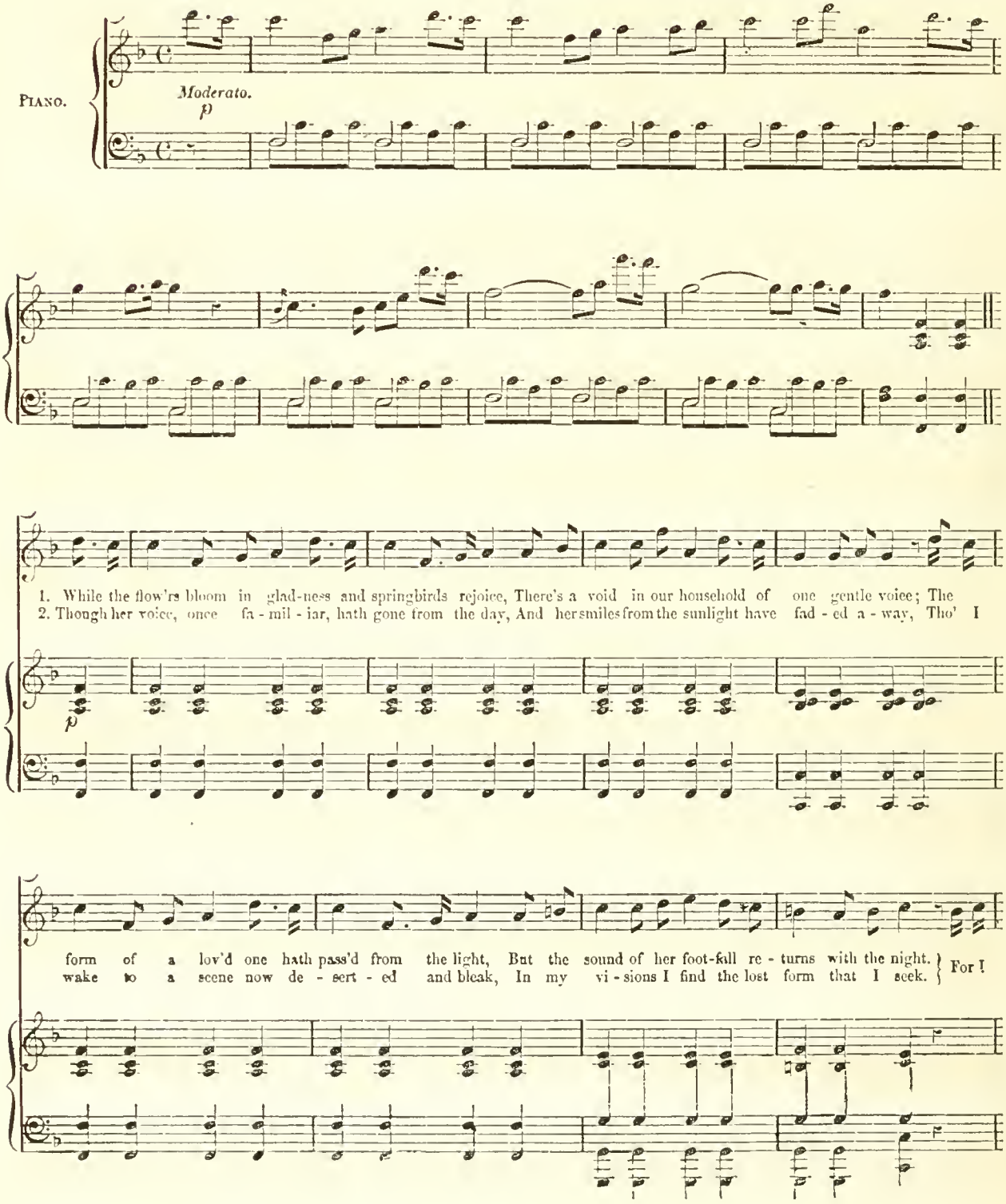
cha - pel walls are la - - den With gar - lands rich and gay, To greet the vil - lage
why her heart is la - - den, Not one, a - las! can say, Who saw the vil - lage
all with sor - row la - - den, Their tear - ful tri - bute pay, Who saw the vil - lage

mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.
mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.
mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.

mf

No. 34. I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS.

Poetry and Music by S. C. Foster.



see her still in my dreams, I see her still in my dreams, Tho' her smiles have de-

p

- part - ed from the meadows and the streams. I see her still in my dreams, . . I

8va.

see her still in my dreams, Tho' her smiles have de - part - ed from the meadows and the

8va.

streams.

mp

No. 35. STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Words and Music by A. F. Winnemore.

Moderato.

Piano.

p *f*

1. I once did lub a colour'd gal, . . Whose name was Su - zy Brown; She came from old Vir - gin - ny, She was de fair - est in de town. Her eyes so bright dey shine at night, When de moon am gone . a - way, She
2. She was the prettiest yal-ler gal . . That e - ber I did see; She ne - ver would go walk - ing, Wid a - ny co - lour'd man but me. And when I took my ban - - jo down, And play'd three tunes . or more, All at
3. Oh, de first one dat cum in de room, . Was a dar - key dress'd to death; He look'd just like de show - man, What dey used to call Mack - beth. He said he was a Ca-li - for - - ni man, An just ar - riv'd . on shore, I ax

p *f*

used to call this dar-key up . . . . Just a - fore de broke of day;— Wid a
once I heard three pret-ty hard raps, Come bang a - gain my door;— Wid a
him whare-fore he come an rap, . . . So hard a - gainst my door;— Wid a

f

who dar? who dar? who dar? An a who dar a knocking at my door? Am

f

SPOKEN.
Why, Sam!

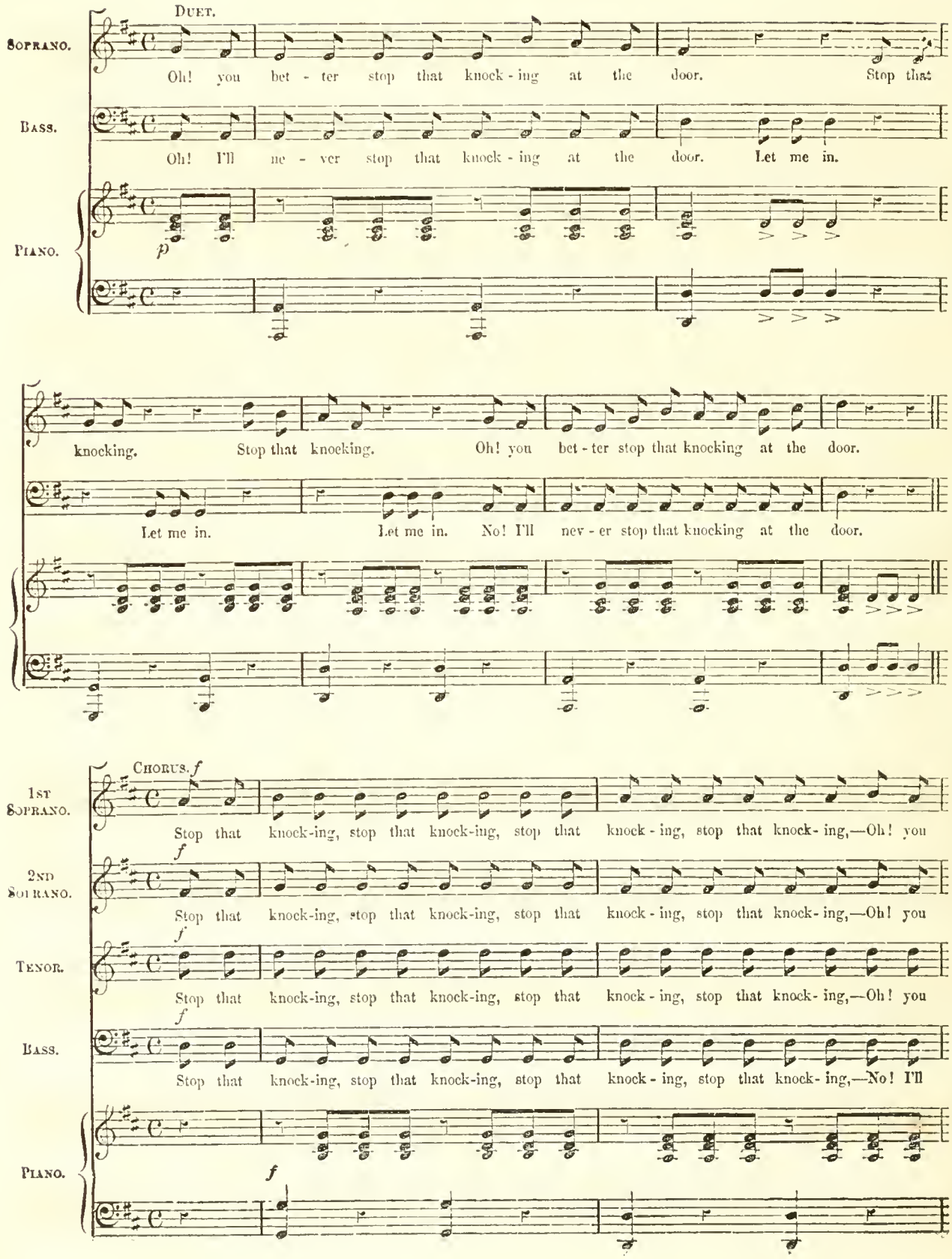
dat you Sam? Am dat you Sam? No you bet - ter stop dat knock-ing at my

SPOKEN.
Ain't you gwan
to let me in?

By Bass Voice.

door. Let me in. Stop that knocking. Let me in. Stop that knocking. Let me in.

f


Duet.
Soprano.
Oh! you bet - ter stop that knock - ing at the door. Stop that
Bass.
Oh! I'll ne - ver stop that knock - ing at the door. Let me in.
Piano.
p
knocking. Stop that knocking. Oh! you bet - ter stop that knocking at the door.
Let me in. Let me in. No! I'll nev - er stop that knocking at the door.
Chorus. f
1st Soprano.
Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock- ing,—Oh! you
2nd Soprano.
f
Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock- ing,—Oh! you
Tenor.
f
Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock- ing,—Oh! you
Bass.
f
Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock- ing,—No! I'll
Piano.
f

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

ne ver stop that knock-ing at your door. Let me in. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking stop that knocking, No! I'll

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

ne-ver stop that knocking at your door.

8va

8va

No. 36.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY CHARLES WHITE

PIANO.

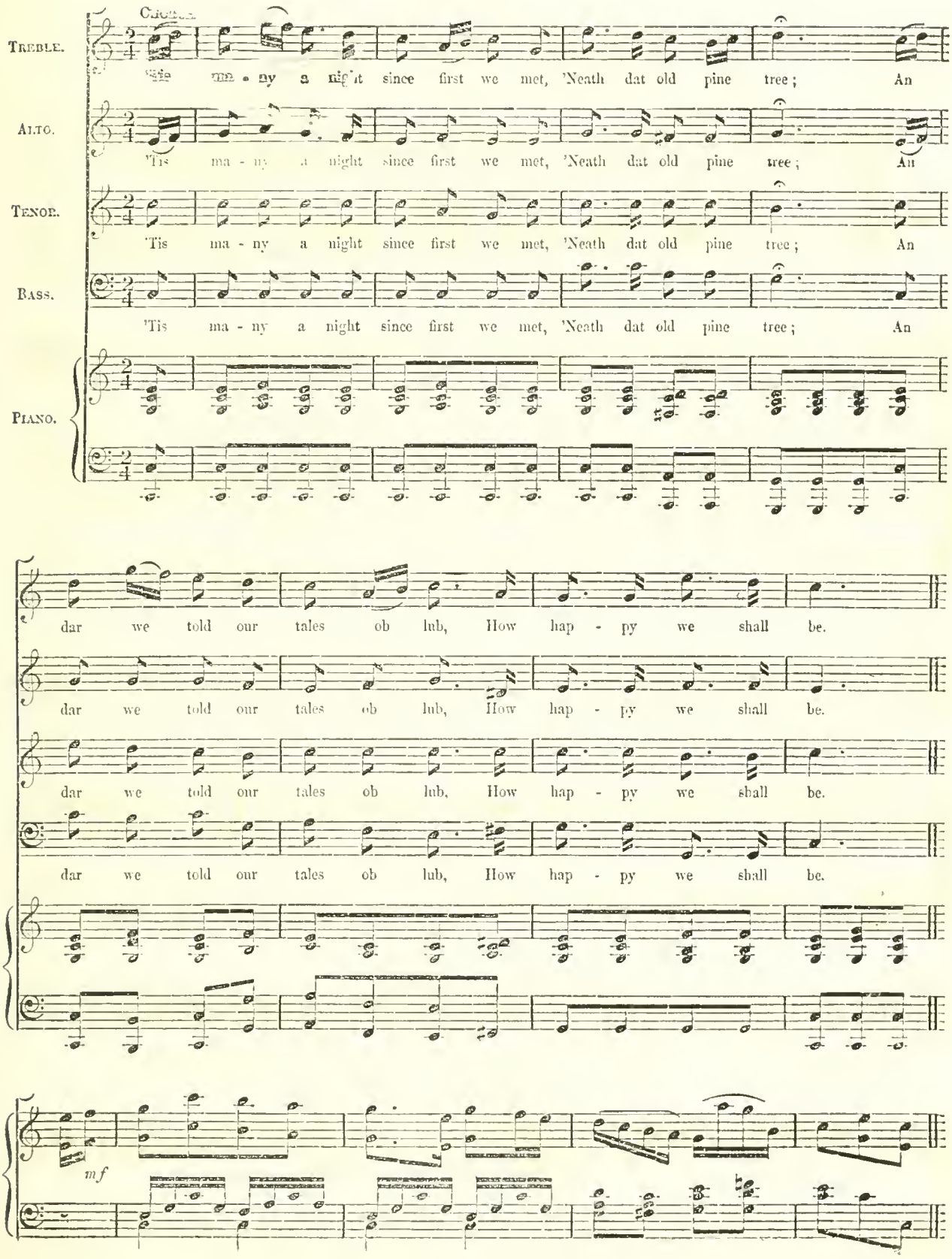
mp

1. Oh! dar - kies now I'm gown to sing, De truth to you I'll tell, Ob hap - py days dat
2. My lub has left me long a - go Whar she is no one can tell, An I am near - ly
3. I quite for- got I was so old, It seems to me a dream, Dat three score years hab

p

I hab seen, Wid my dear Nan - cy Bell. Oh! I wish dat I was back a- gain, Way
cra - zy now For my dear Nan - cy Bell. But I dreamt last night, when all was still, Dat
past and gone Since I was se - ven - teen. But ev' - ry-thing is right at last, An

down in Ten - ne - see, Wid my dear Nan - cy by my side, Be - neath de old pine tree.
she'd come back to me, An I would yet see hap - py days, Be - neath de old pine tree.
Nan - cy is true to me, An when we die, oh! let us rest, Be - neath de old pine tree.


Chorus
Treble.
'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An
Alto.
'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An
Tenor.
'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An
Bass.
'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An
Piano.
dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.
dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.
dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.
dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.
mf

No. 37. THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS.

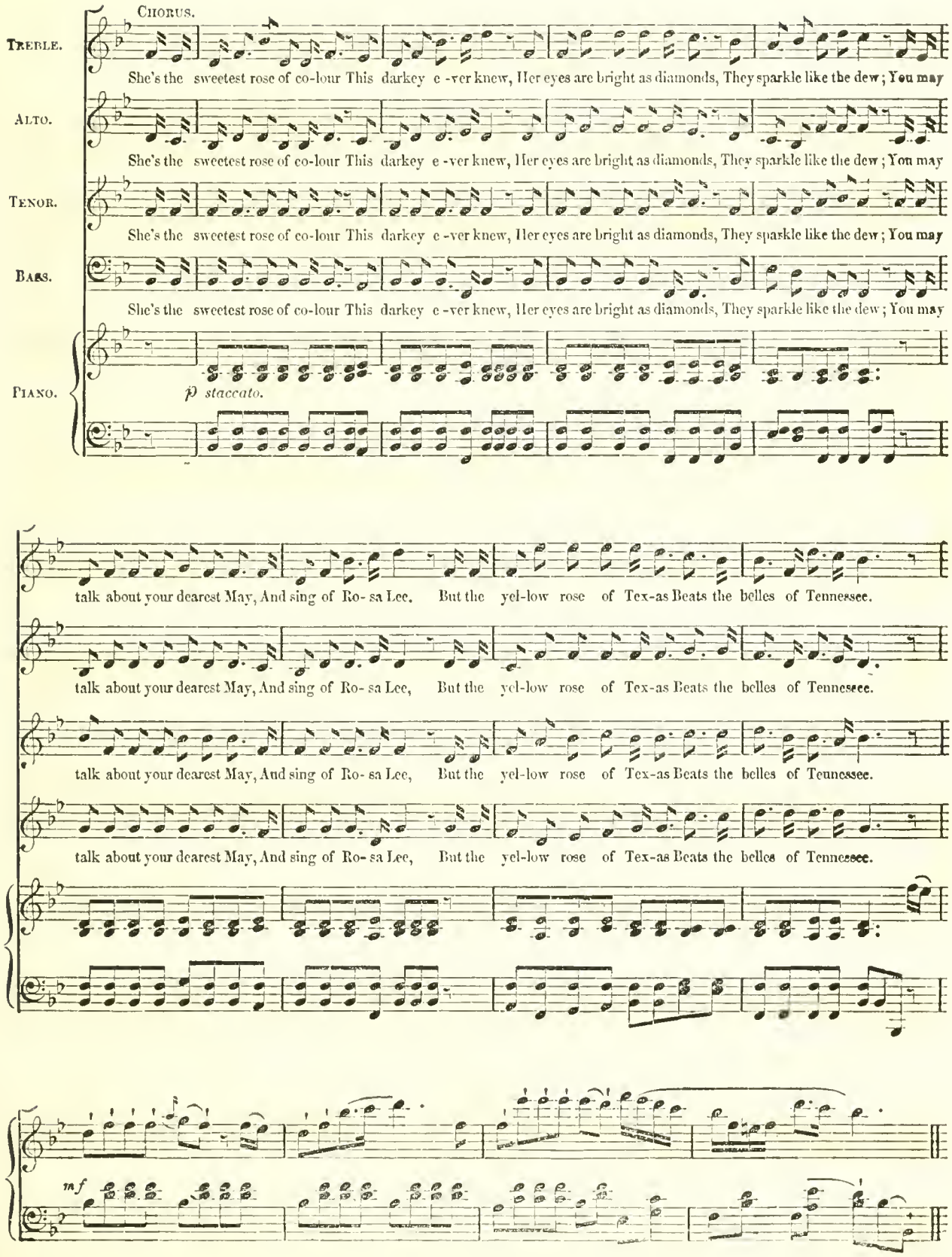
Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

1. There's a yel - low rose in Tex - as That I am going to see, No o - ther dark - ey knows her, No dark - ey, on - ly me; She cried so when I left her, It like to broke my heart, And if I e - ver find her, We ne - ver more will part.
2. Where the Ri - o Grande is flow - ing, And the star - ry skies are bright, She walks a - long the ri - ver, In the qui - et sum - mer night; She thinks, if I re - mem - ber, When we part - ed long a - go, I pro - mis'd to come back a - gain, And not to leave her so.
3. Oh! now I'm go - ing to find her, For my heart is full of woe, And we'll sing the song to - ge - ther, That we sung so long a - go; We'll play the ban - jo gai - ly, And we'll sing the songs of yore, And the yel - low rose of Tex - as Shall be mine for e - ver - more.

p


CHORUS.
TREBLE.
She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may
ALTO.
She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may
TENOR.
She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may
BASS.
She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may
PIANO.
p staccato.
talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.
talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.
talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.
talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.
mf

No. 38. ON OLD POTOMAC'S SHORE.

G. F. WURZEL.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mp

1. I'm grow-ing old and wea-ry now, But, oh! how sweet to me The
2. How oft these a-ged arms have borne, Old mas-sa's chil-dren dear! I
3. I sit and watch the love-ly fields, That look so green and fair, And

p

spot where I so oft have play'd, When all was mirth and glee; But when these lips are
see their lit-tle fa-ces yet, Their lisp-ing tones I hear; I love them with a
see the cat-tle as they feed Up-on the tall grass there; And tho' it makes me

cold and still, And life for me is o'er, Then let them lay me down to sleep On
heart as true, As in those days of yore, For they were al-ways good to me, On
sigh to think That life will soon be o'er,— Yet, oh! how sweet will be my rest, On

old Po - to - mac's shore, Then let them lay me down to sleep, On old Po - to - mac's shore.
old Po - to - mac's shore, For they were al - ways good to me On old Po - to - mac's shore.
old Po - to - mac's shore, Yet oh! how sweet my rest will be On old Po - to - mac's shore.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

ALTO. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

TENOR. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

BASS. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

PIANO.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

No. 39. THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

ARRANGED BY T. BISSELL. MELODY BY T. BRIGHAM

Moderato con espressione.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *dim.*

1. I watch'd last night the ris - ing moon, Up - on a fo - reign strand; . Till
2. It brought me back the vi - sions grand That pur - - pled boy - hood's dreams; . . Its
3. It brought me back a mo - ther's love, Un - til in ac - cents wild, . . I

p

mem - 'ries came, like flow'rs of June, Of home and fa - ther - land. I
youth - ful loves, its hap - py land, As bright as morn - ing beams; . . . It
pray'd her from her home a - bove, To guard her lone - ly child; . . . . It

dreamt I was a child once more, Be - side the rip - pling rill; . . . When
brought me back the spread - ing lea, The stee - ple and the mill; . . . . Un -
brought me one a - cross the wave, To live in mem - 'ry still; . . . It

cres.

a tempo.

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . . When
- til my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be-hind the hill. . . . . Un -
brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . . It

a tempo.

a tempo.

first . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
- til . . . my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .

a tempo.

a tempo.

8ves. . . . . .

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When
2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . Un -
3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When

ALTO.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When
2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . Un -
3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When

TENOR.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When
2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . Un -
3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When

BASS

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When
2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . Un -
3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . When

PIANO.

p

a tempo.

first . . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
- til . . . my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
brought . . me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
- til my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .
brought me, back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . . .

first . . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .
- til . . . . my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .
brought . . me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .
- til my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .
brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. . . . .

a tempo.

No. 40. THE GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON.

Sung by G. N. Christy.

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

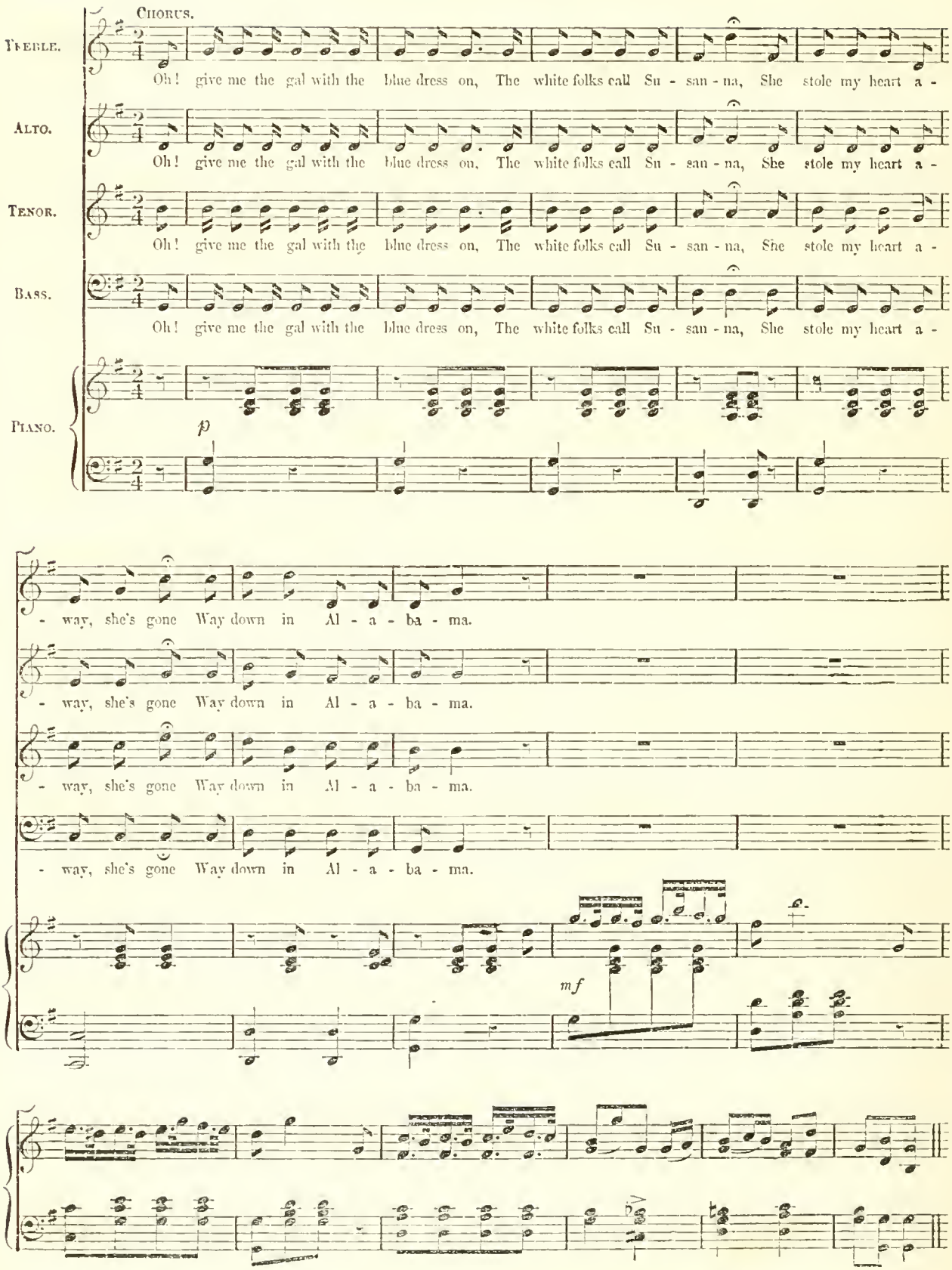
1. Oh! white folks I will sing to you, A - bout my dear Sa - san - na, She's the
2. My love can ent the pi - geon wing, And like - wise dance the Pol - ka, She's a
3. I took her to a ball one night, And when we went to sup - per, She

p

gal that stole my heart a - way, Down in the Al - a - - ba - ma. She's
row - ser in de dar - key jig, And a sylph in de cow - - cho - ker. Her
faint - ed and o - ber de ta - ble fell, And run her head in de but - ter. Dey

tall and slen - der 'bout the waist, And beau - ti - ful as We - nus, Oh
gay bird heels dey go so fast, The dar - kies look with won - der,
used cam - phine to fotch her too, But den it war too la - ter, For a

all de gals I eb - ber see, She was de great - est gen - us.
Some fall down and faint a - way, And think dere struck with thun - der.
tur - key leg stuck in her head, And she chok'd to death with a ta - ter


Chorus.
Treble.
Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -
Alto.
Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -
Tenor.
Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -
Bass.
Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -
Piano.
p
- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.
- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.
- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.
- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.
mf

SIXTH SELECTION.

No. 41.

WE MEET AGAIN.

J. R. THOMAS.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

mp

1. When friend from friend is doom'd to stray, And glist - 'ning is each eye; When lips with trem - bling ac - cents say The last fond word, "Good - bye," One thought still cheers the droop - ing heart, And soothes the bo - som's pain, . . That tho' in sor - row that dark hour of bit - ter woe, When tears are all in vain, . . Calm o'er the soul these

2. The wand - 'rer, far from those he loves, And all his heart holds dear, Oft ling' - ring as he on - ward roves, To check the ris - ing tear,— When thoughts of home and by - gone days Come crowd - ing o'er his brain, . . How sweet the voice with -

3. And when we, near the bed of death, Shall watch life's less - 'ning ray, While, as we gaze, the fee - ble breath Is fleet - ing fast a - way, In

p

cres.

p

we de - part, In joy we meet a - gain, we meet, we meet a - gain.
in that says, "Hope on, we meet a - gain, we meet, we meet - gain."
words shall flow, "In heav'n we meet a - gain, we meet, we meet a - gain."

cres. *dim.*

Chorus.

Treble. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

Alto. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

Tenor. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

Bass. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet again, we meet, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

Piano. *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

mf

No. 42. NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

G. F. Wurzel.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

p dolce.

1. Ne - ver for - get the dear ones A - round the so - cial hearth, . . . The
2. E - ver their hearts are turn - - ing To thee when far a - way, . . . Their
3. Ne - ver for - get thy fa - - - ther, Who, cheer - ful, toils for thee, . . . With -

p

sun - ny smiles of glad - - ness, The songs of art - less mirth; . . Though
love so pure and ten - - der, Is with thee on thy way; . . Wher -
- in thy heart may e - - - ver Thy mo - ther's i - mage be; . . . Thy

o - ther scenes may woo thee, In o - ther lands to roam. . . . . .
- e - - ver thou may'st wan - - der, Wher - e - ver thou may'st roam. . . . . .
sis - ter dear, and bro - - ther, They long for thee to come. . . . . .

mez.

Ne - ver for - get the dear ones That clus - ter round thy home. . . .

p

Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, Ne - ver for - get the

cres.

dear . . . . ones That clus - - ter round thy home. . . . . .

fz. *dim.*

CHORUS. *piu animato.* *cres.*

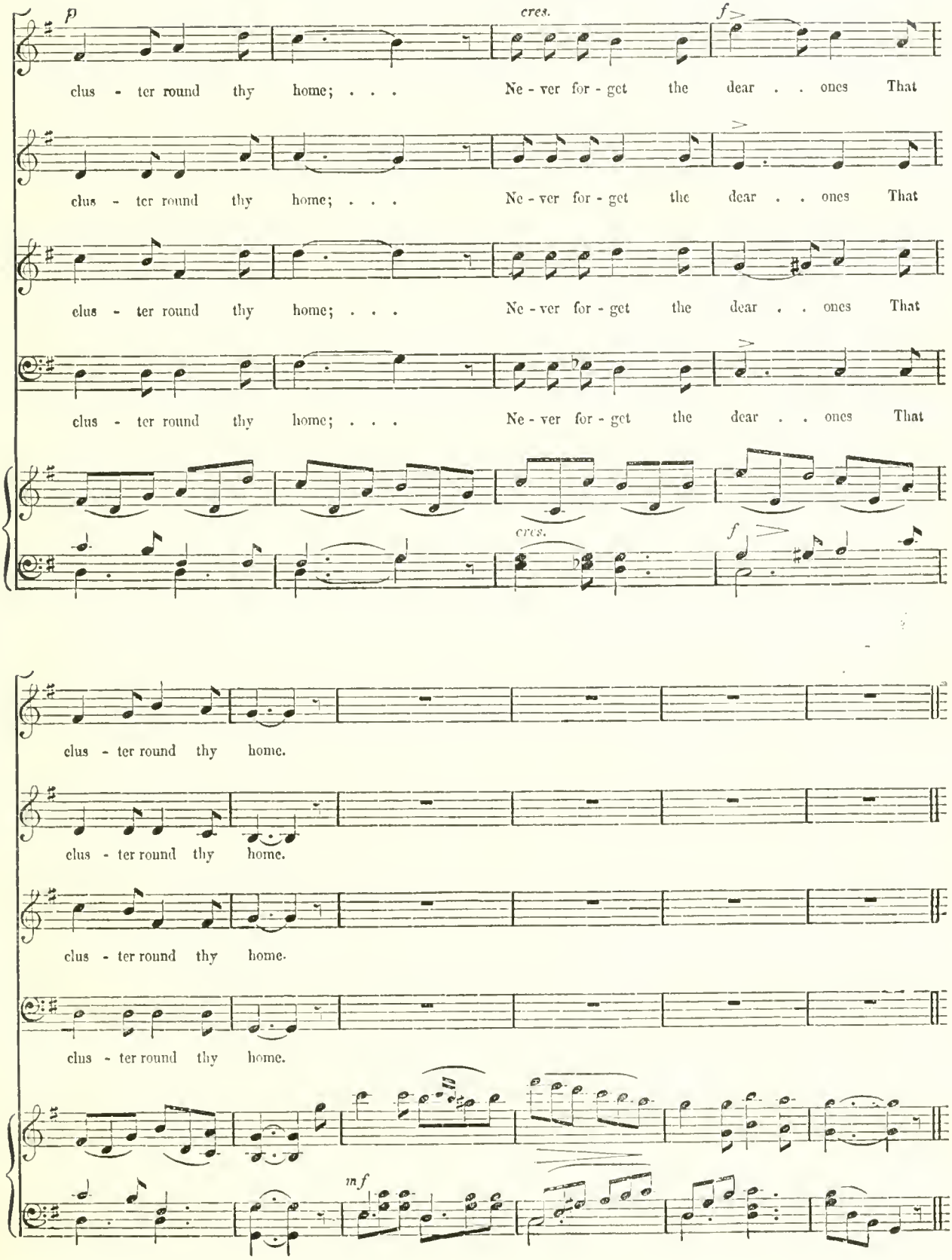
TREBLE. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

ALTO. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

TENOR. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

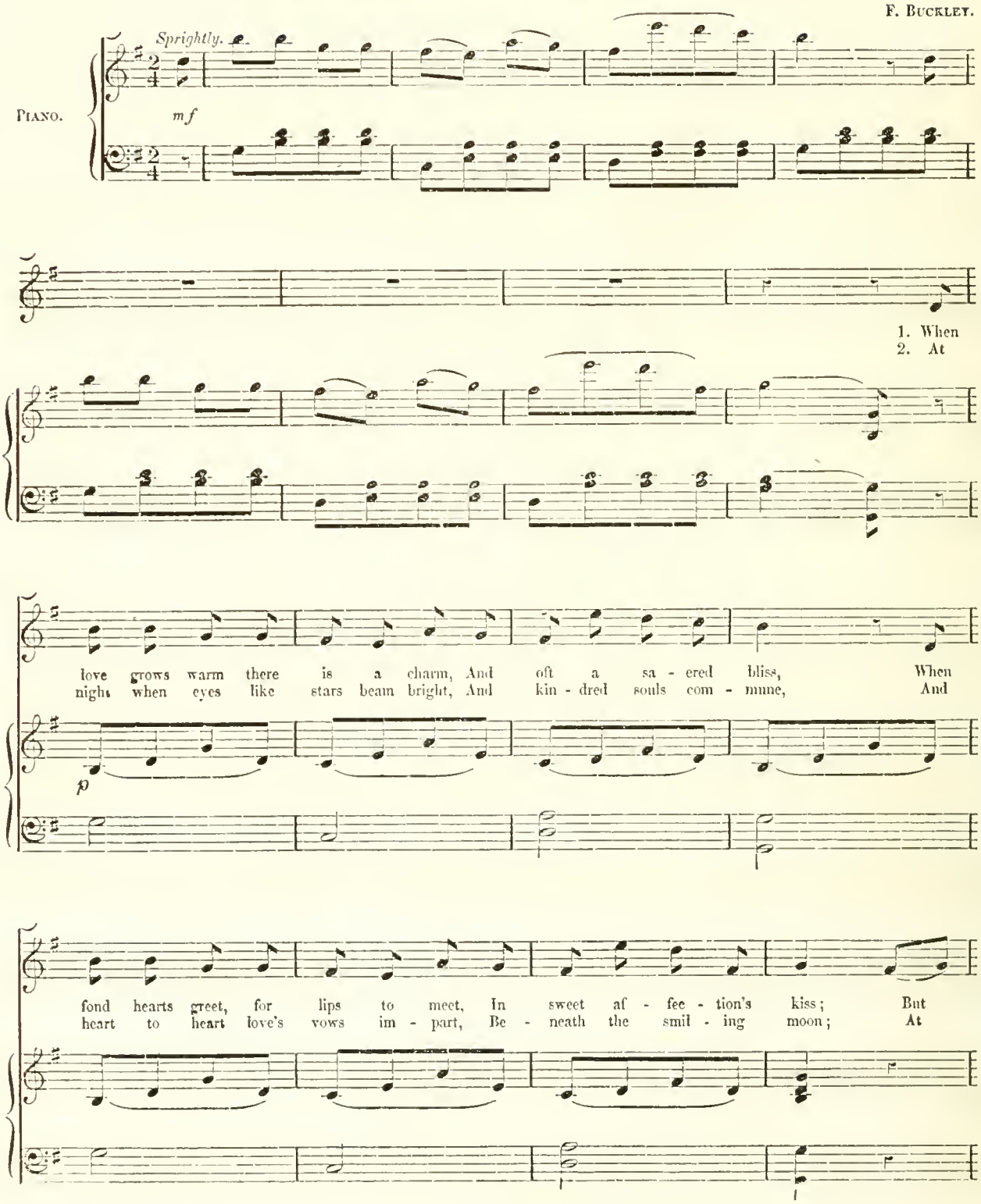
BASS. Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear ones That

PIANO. *p* *cres.*


p
cres.
f
clus - ter round thy home; . . . Ne - ver for - get the dear . . ones That
clus - ter round thy home; . . . Ne - ver for - get the dear . . ones That
clus - ter round thy home; . . . Ne - ver for - get the dear . . ones That
clus - ter round thy home; . . . Ne - ver for - get the dear . . ones That
cres.
f
clus - ter round thy home.
clus - ter round thy home.
clus - ter round thy home.
clus - ter round thy home.
mf

No. 43. KISS, BUT NEVER TELL.

F. Buckley.



to re - veal the sa - cred seal Which hal - lows it so well, May
such an hour of ma - gie pow'r, What hal - low'd rap - tures dwell, In

quench love's flame, with breath of shame, So kiss, but ne - ver tell. } Oh,
each true breast, by hon - our blest, To kiss and ne - ver tell. }

ff *p*

kiss, but ne - ver tell, oh, ne - ver! Breath - ing breaks the spell, True

lo - ver's pledge to keep for e - ver, Kiss, but ne - ver tell.

mf

No. 44. I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN.

Moderato con espressione.

STEPHEN MASSET

PIANO.

p PED. PED. PED. PED. PED. PED.

cres. PED. PED. *dim.* PED. PED.

S

1. I would not have thee young a - gain, Since I my - self am old, . . . Not
2. Tho' from thine eyes of soft - est blue Some light hath pass'd a - way, . . . Love

S

p

that thy youth was e - ver vain, Or that my age is cold; . . . . But
look - eth forth as warm and true As on our bri - dal day; I

when up - on thy gen - tle face I see the shades of time, ... A
hear thy song, and tho', in part, 'Tis fain - ter in its tone, ... '

thou - - sand me - - mo - ries re - place The beau - - ties of . . thy
heed it not, for still thy heart Is sing - - ing to . . my

prime!
own!

f *dim.*

No. 45. IT IS NOT AS IT USED TO BE.

STEPHEN MASSET.

VOICE.

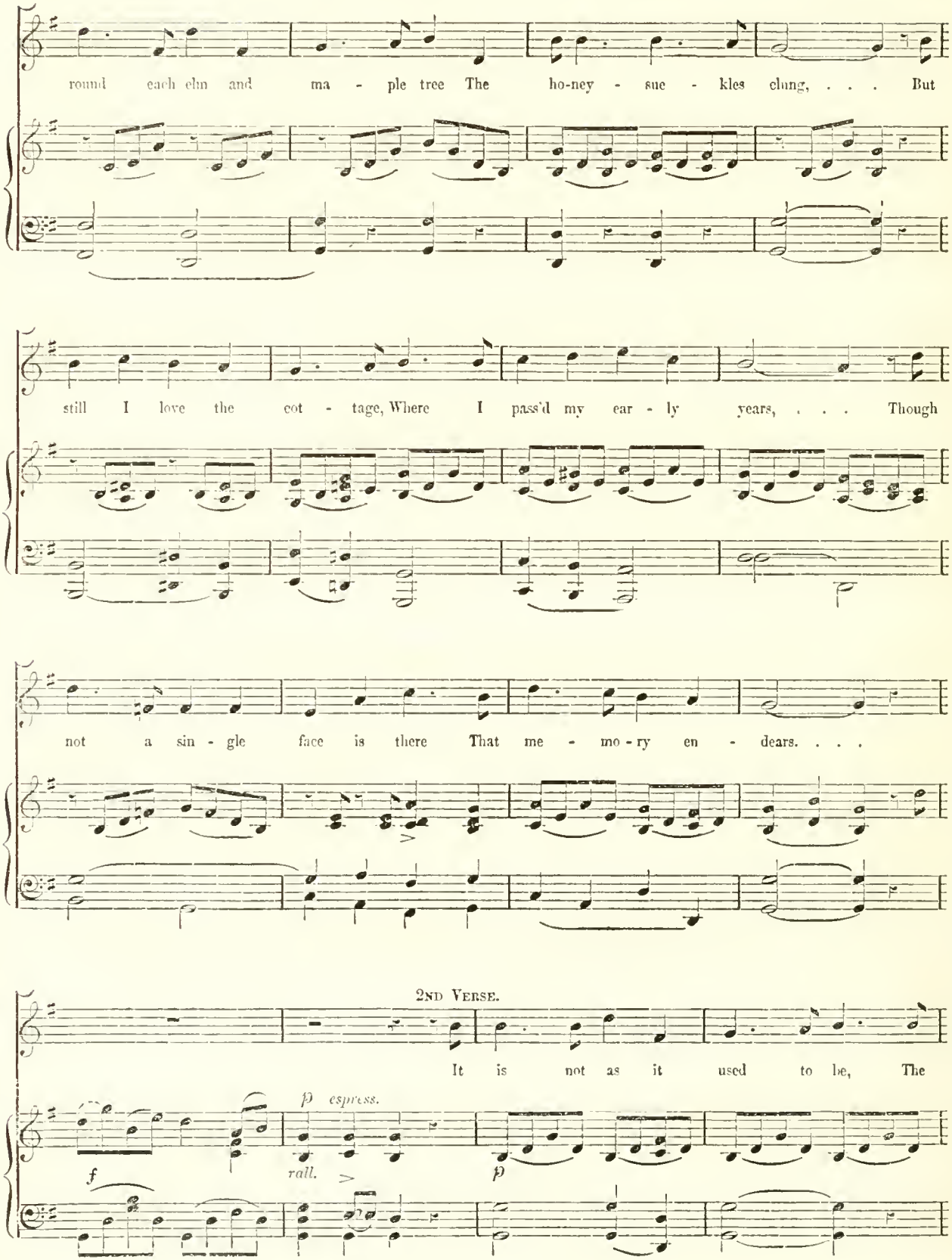
PIANO.

Andante.

p *legato.*

It

is not as it used to be, When you and I were young; When


round each elm and ma - ple tree The ho-ney - suc - kles clung, . . . But
still I love the cot - tage, Where I pass'd my ear - ly years, . . . Though
not a sin - gle face is there That me - mo - ry en - dears. . . .
2nd Verse.
It is not as it used to be, The
p espress.
f
rall.
p

voi - ces lov'd of yore, The forms that we were wont to see, We

see and hear no more. . . . No more! a - las! we look in vain For

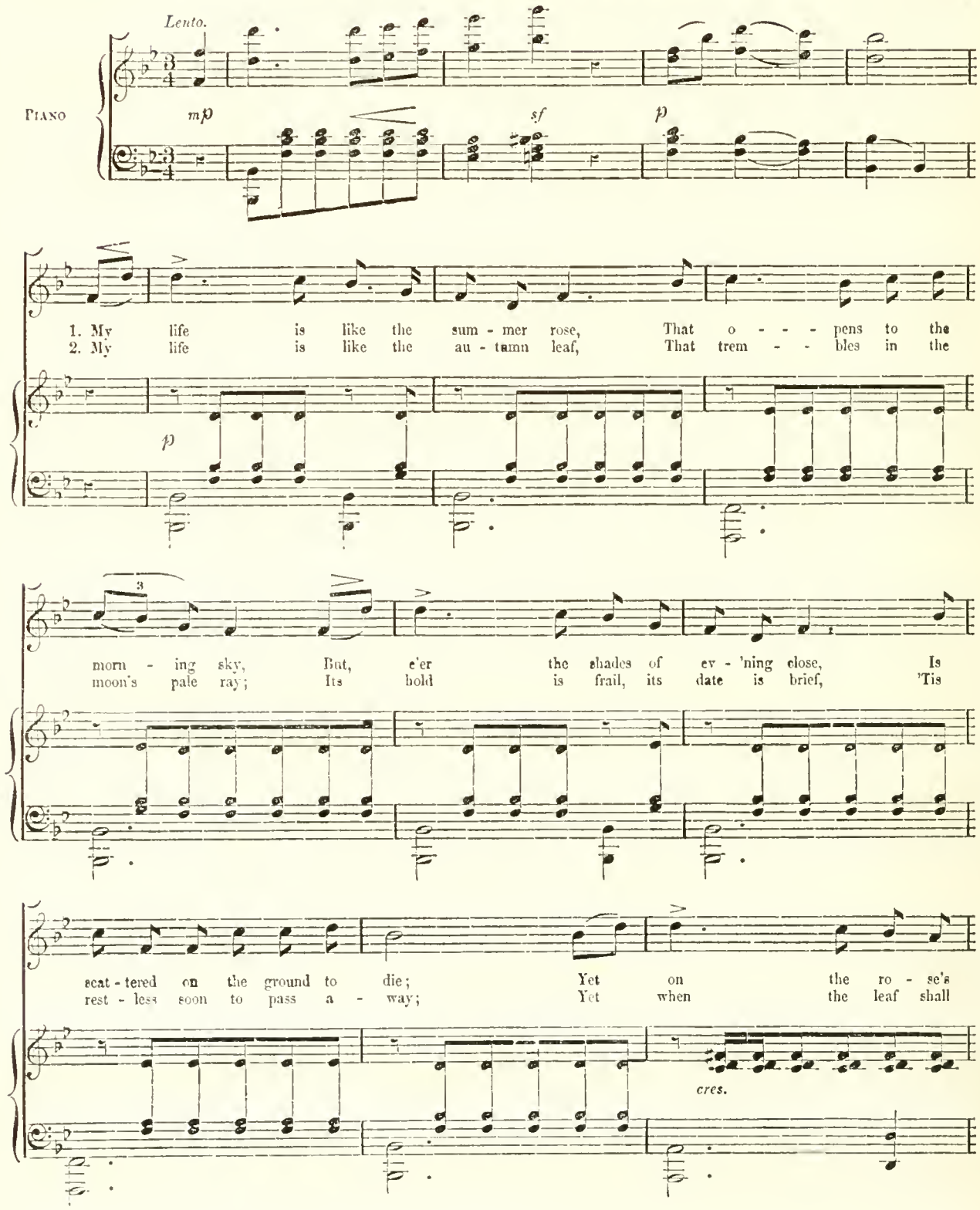
those to whom we clung, . . . And lov'd, as we can love but once, When

you and I were young. . .

f *rall.* *p espress.* FINE.

No. 46. NONE SHALL WEEP A TEAR FOR ME.

S. C. Foster



hum - ble head The sweet - est dews of night are shed, As
fall and fade, The pa - rent tree will mourn its shade, The

if they wept the waste to see, But none shall weep a tear for me, But
winds be - wail the leaf - less tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me, But

ritard. *ad lib.*

none shall weep a tear for me, But none shall weep, shall weep a tear for me.
none shall breathe a sigh for me, But none shall breathe, shall breathe a sigh for me.

ritard. *p colla voce.* *mp*

sf *p*

No. 47.

POOR AUNT DINAH.

N. Kneass

Moderato.

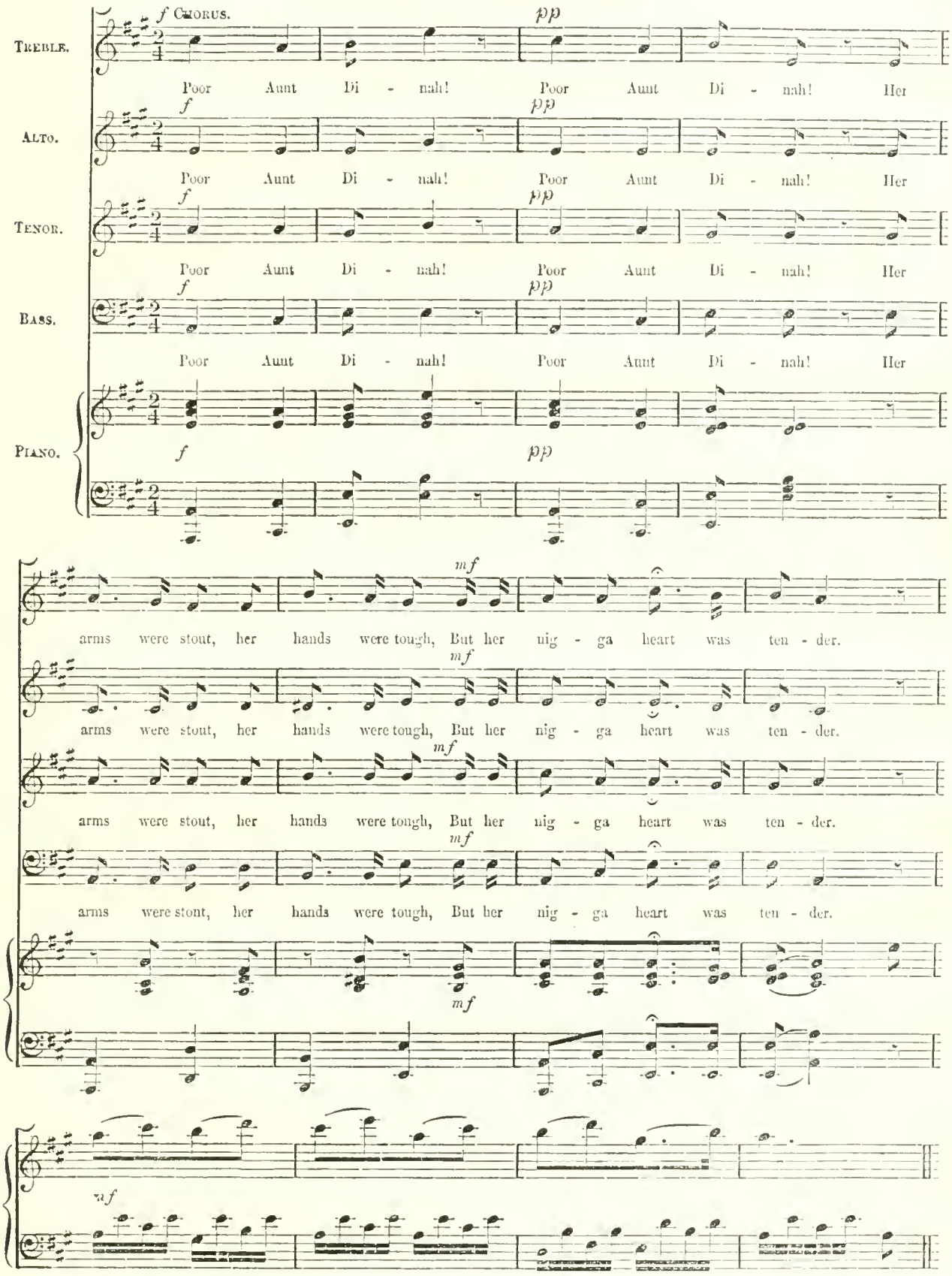
Piano.

mp *mf* *p*

1. I knew an old nig - ga Aun - ty once, She liv'd in Lou - si - an - a; The white folks call'd her Di - nah, But she call'd her - self Di - an - a. Her eyes were black, her teeth were white, Her fi - gure tall and slen - der, Her arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.

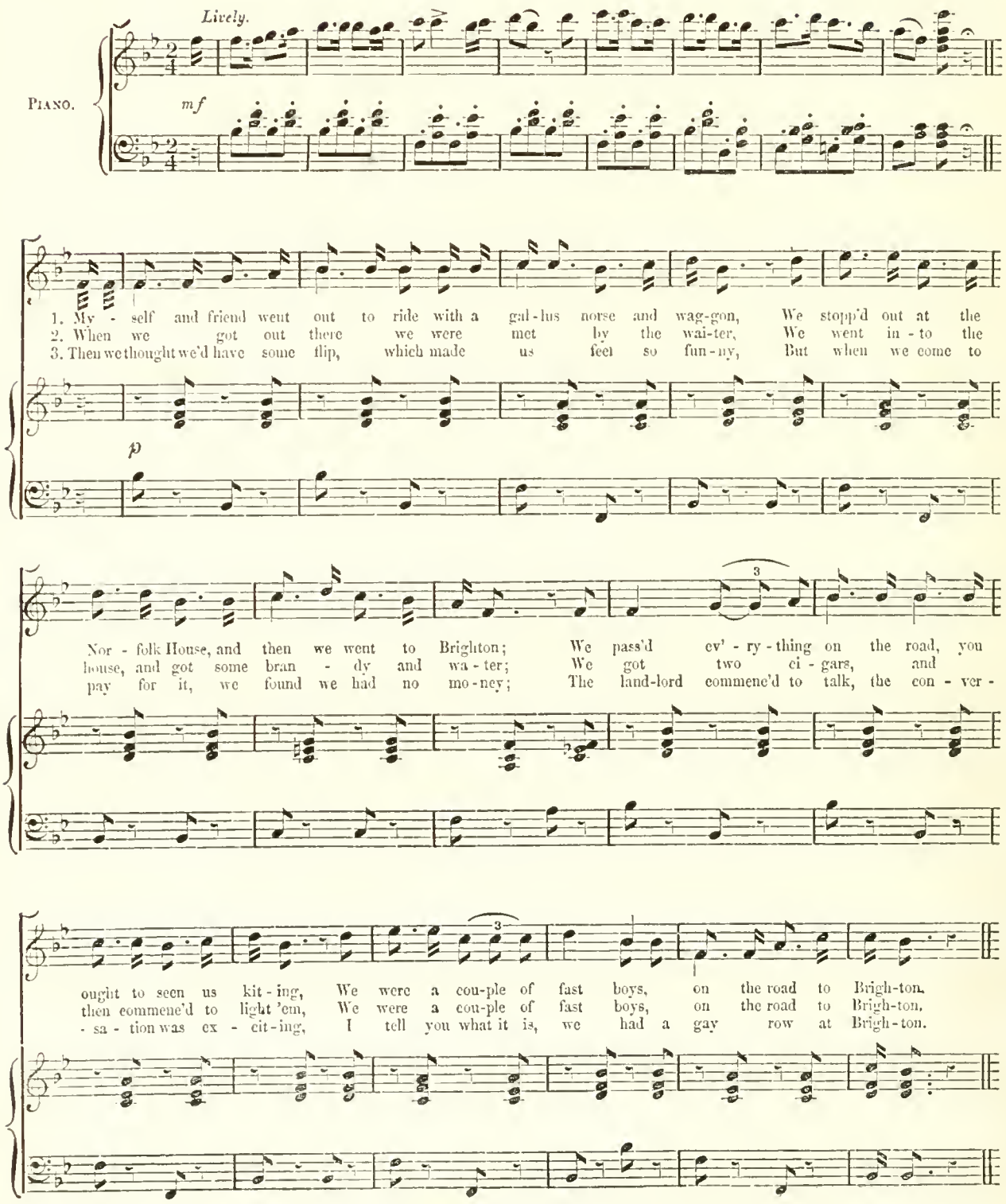
2. Old Aun - ty Di - nah liv'd a - lone In her ca - bin by the ri - ver, Whar de nig - gas came both young and old, Deir du - ty for to give her; She taught 'em how to knit and spin, And may be some-thing fin - er, But dey could not make de good hoe cake As good as old Aunt Di-nah!

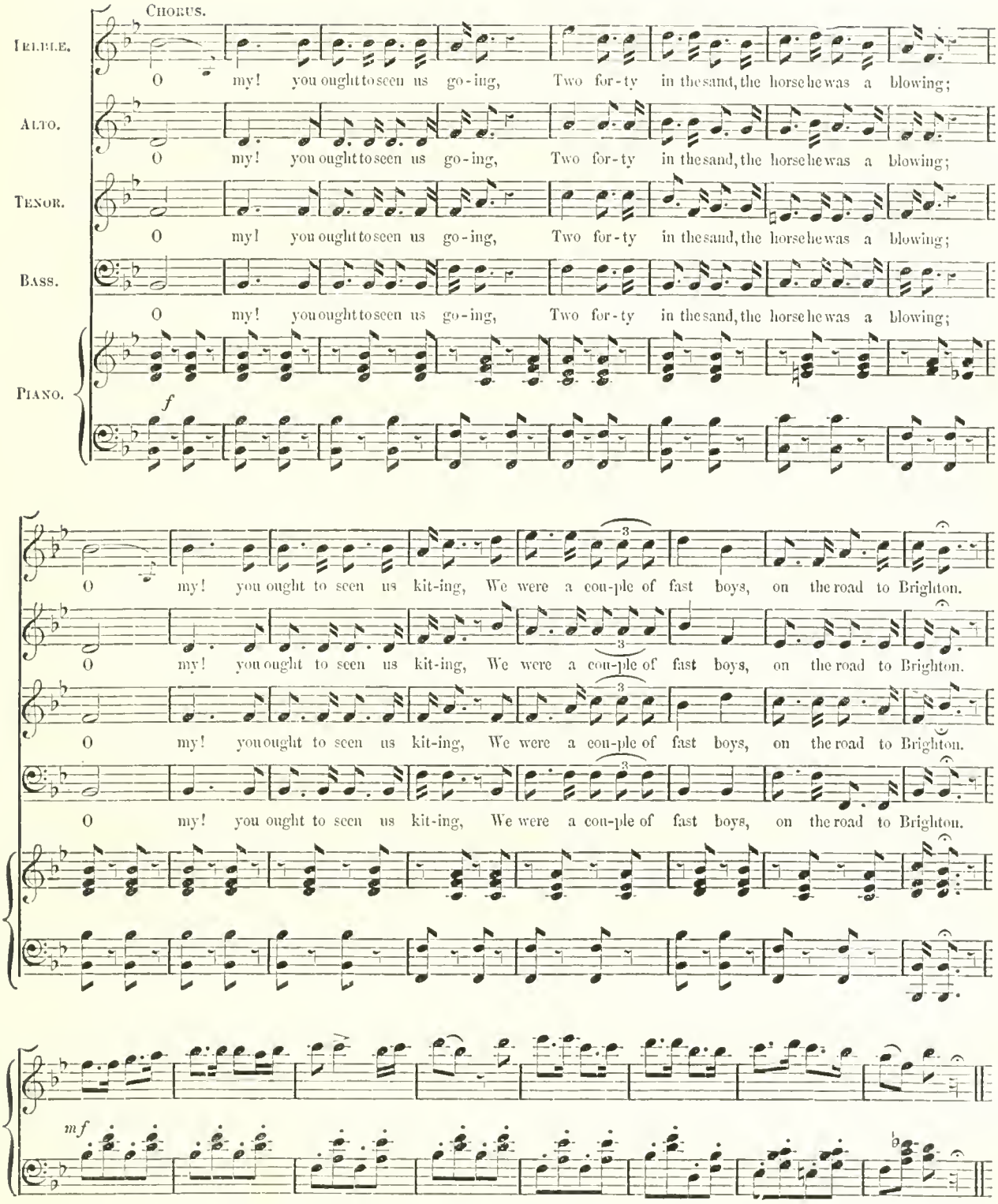
3. At last she died, Aunt Di - nah died, She died of yal - ler fe - ver, And mas - sa laid her in her grave, Whar all shed tears to leave her; We put ou black in Lou'-sana State, And some in Car - o - li - na, A slab of pine we put at her head, And on it we wrote Di-nah!


f Chorus.
pp
Treble.
Poor Aunt Di - nah! Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her
f
pp
Alto.
Poor Aunt Di - nah! Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her
f
pp
Tenor.
Poor Aunt Di - nah! Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her
f
pp
Bass.
Poor Aunt Di - nah! Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her
Piano.
f
pp
mf
arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.
mf
arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.
mf
arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.
mf
arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.
mf
mf

No. 48. ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON.

LON MORRIS





They took us from the house, and put us in the station,
They fined us five dollars a piece, without cause or provocation;
The landlord commenced the muss, and we commenced the fighting,
I tell you what it is, we had a gay time at Brighton.
CHORUS.—O my! you ought to seen, &c.

A friend paid our fine, then we started for the tavern,
We called for our horse, and before him they hitched the waggon;
The landlord come in, my friend he got frightened,
And I come home with a black eye that I got out to Brighton.
CHORUS.—O my! you ought to seen, &c.

No. 49. THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

H. LIVINGSTON.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO.

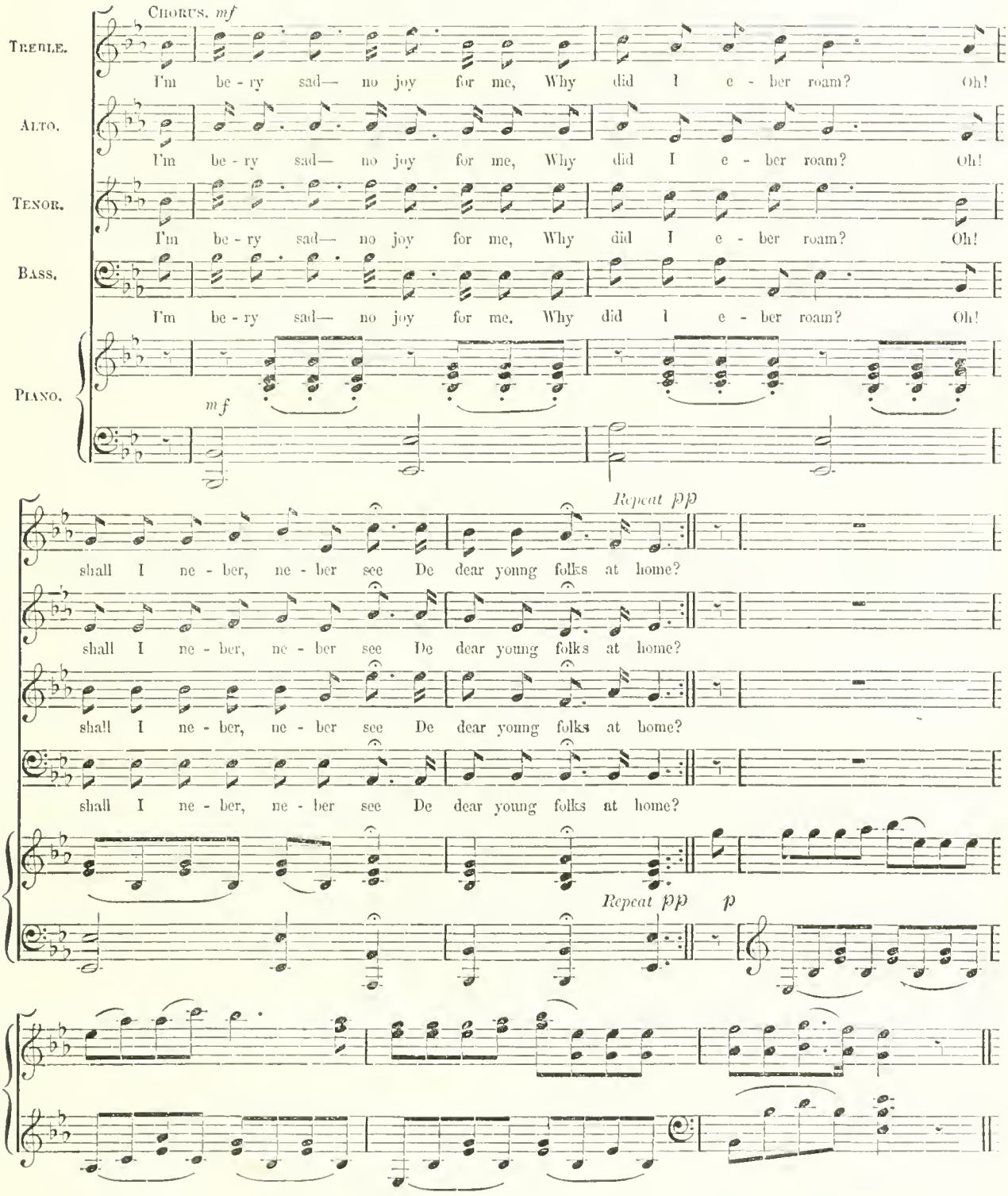
p

1. 'Twas in a sou - thern grove I dwelt, No sor - row then I knew, It
2. We play'd de ban - jo tom - bou - rine, And danc'd be - neath the shade; And

p

seem'd dat eb - 'ry hour was bright Dat gai - ly o'er me flew; De lit - tle ones dat clung a-round, Ere
all a - round us love to hear De mu - sic dat we made; De mock - ing bird sang sweet-ly then, De

I from dem did roam, Made eb - 'ry hour still hap - pier seem, Oh, dear young folks at home;
wild birds dey would come And make de grove wid mu - sic ring, Oh, dear young folks at home!



But now I broken-hearted go—
Poor Tom dey all despise;
I grieve o'er all de happy past
With bitter tears and sighs;
I'm scorned by all de careless crowd,
No matter where I roam;
Oh! shall I neber see again
De dear young folks at home!
Chorus.—I'm bery sad, &c.

Ah, no!— I now am far away,
Where no such pleasures shine;
I neber dream'd dat sorrow'd come
To dis poor heart of mine!
Den take me to dat dear old spot,
Nor longer let me roam,—
And lay me in de cold, cold grave,
Near de dear young folks at home!
Chorus.—I'm bery sad, &c.

No. 50.

OLD JESSY.

Andantino.

C. Converse.

Piano.

p dolce.

1. Old Jes-sy once was young like us, Could hoe de cot - ton well, But
2. Old Jessy's hair is grey and long, Like de moss up - on de tree, And his

p

now he's passing a - way from us, Like de dew - drop on de hill.
teeth drop out of de old jaw - bone,— Oh! soon he will be free.
Den

pi - ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

Jes - sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

CHORUS. *mp* *cres.* *p*

TREBLE. Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

ALTO. Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

TENOR. Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

BASS. Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, ... For

dim.

PIANO. *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

collo parte.

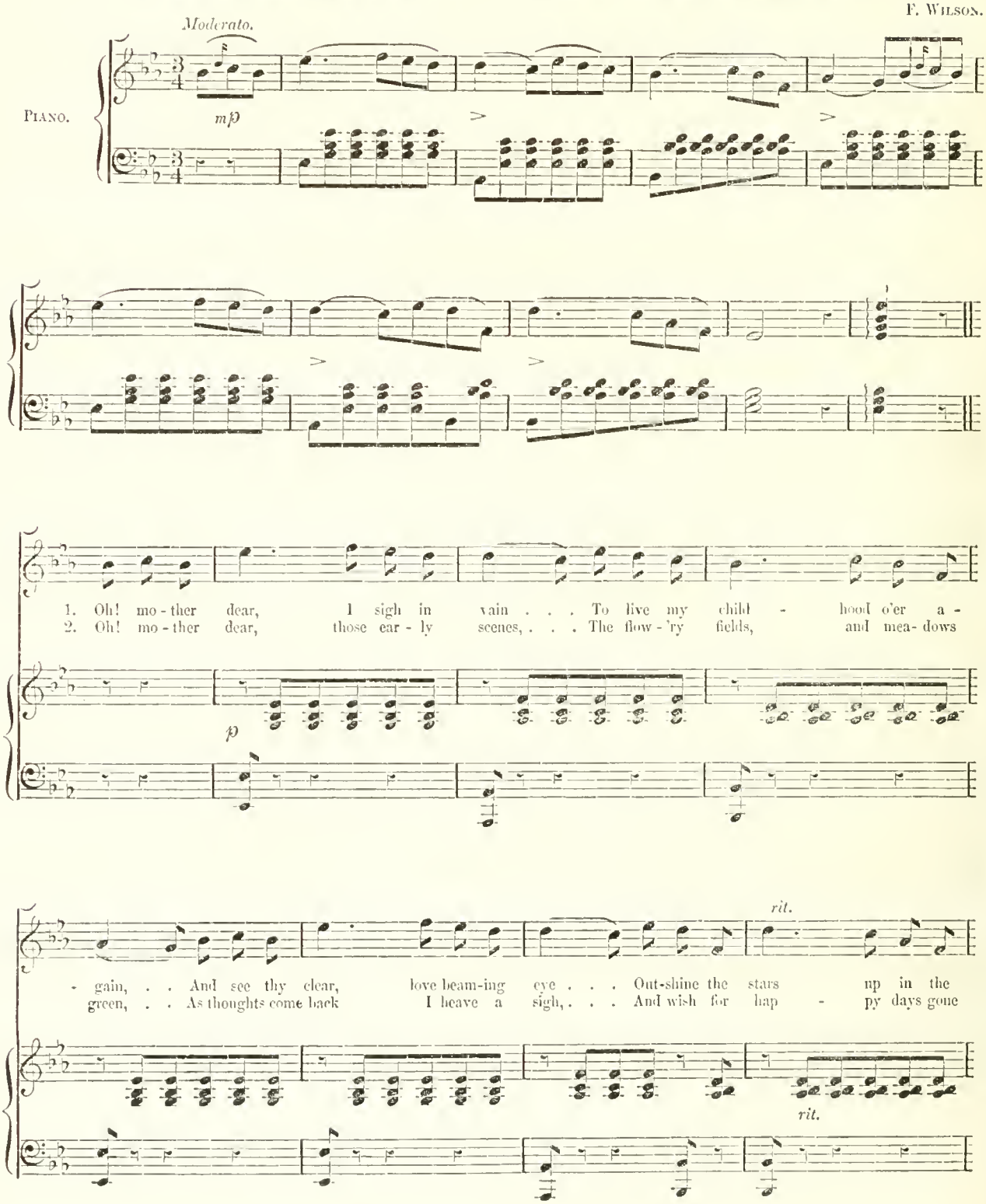
p dolce.

Old Jessy can't play de banjo,
His fingers are stiff and sore;
Dey tremble so de bones do crack,
He'll play—no, neber more.
CHORUS.—Den pity poor old Jessy, &c.

He used to go out in de oyster boat,
Far, far away from shore;
But he will neber go out again,
Echo answers, neber more.
CHORUS.—Den pity poor old Jessy, &c.

No. 51. DEAR MOTHER I'LL COME HOME AGAIN.

F. Wilson.



a tempo.

sky; Oh! mo-ther dear, bright sun-ny rays that give such joy and heav'n-ly
by; Long since I left my na-tive shore, But now my heart beats just as

a tempo.

bliss, As by thy knee I used to pray, Or climb'd to steal af-fec-tion's kiss.
then, Tho' miles of sea be-tween us roar, Dear mo-ther, I'll come home a-gain.

CHORUS. *mp*

TREBLE. Oh! mo-ther dear, I sigh in vain . . . To live my child-hood o'er a-

mp

ALTO. Oh! mo-ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child-hood o'er a-

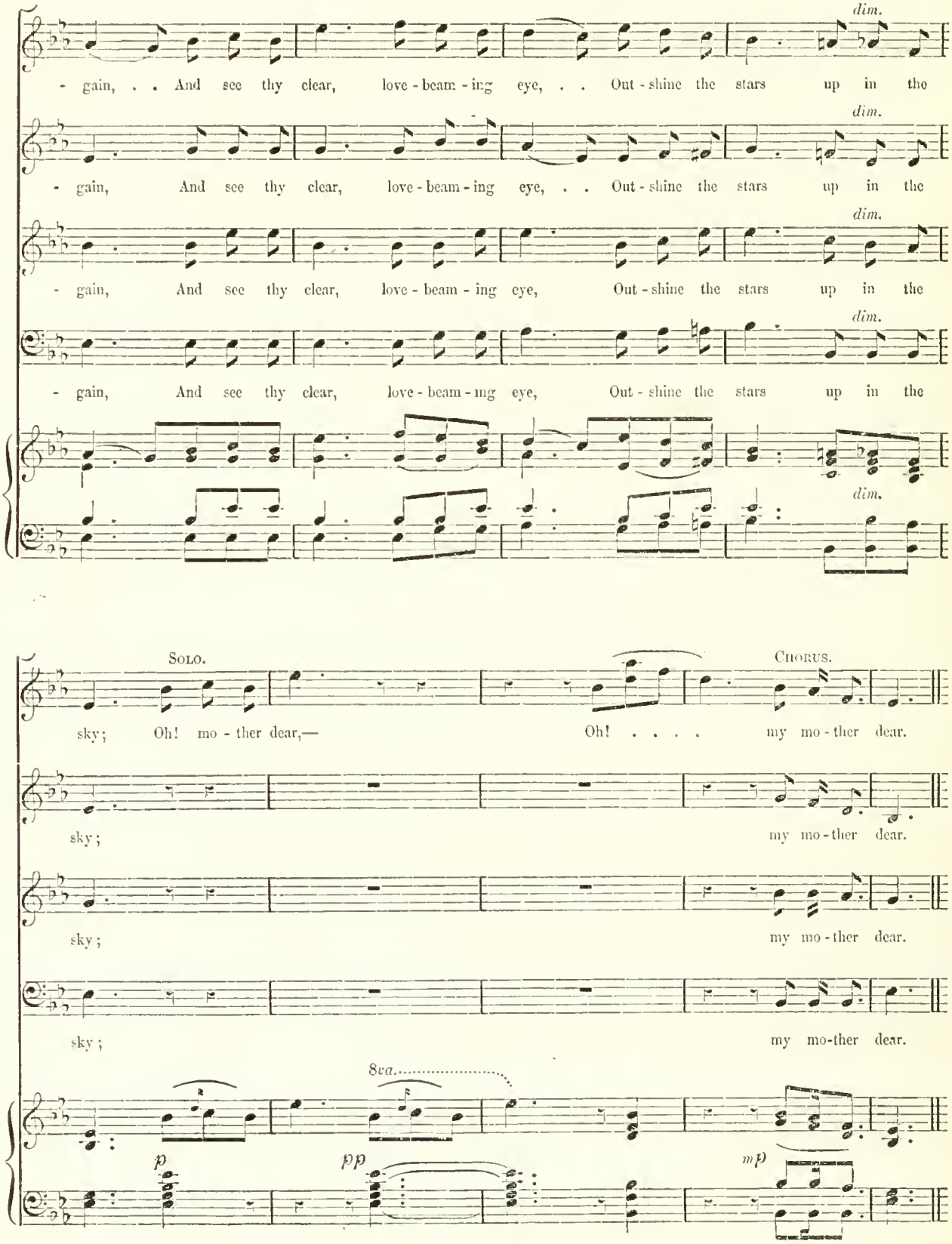
mp

TENOR. Oh! mo-ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child-hood o'er a-

mp

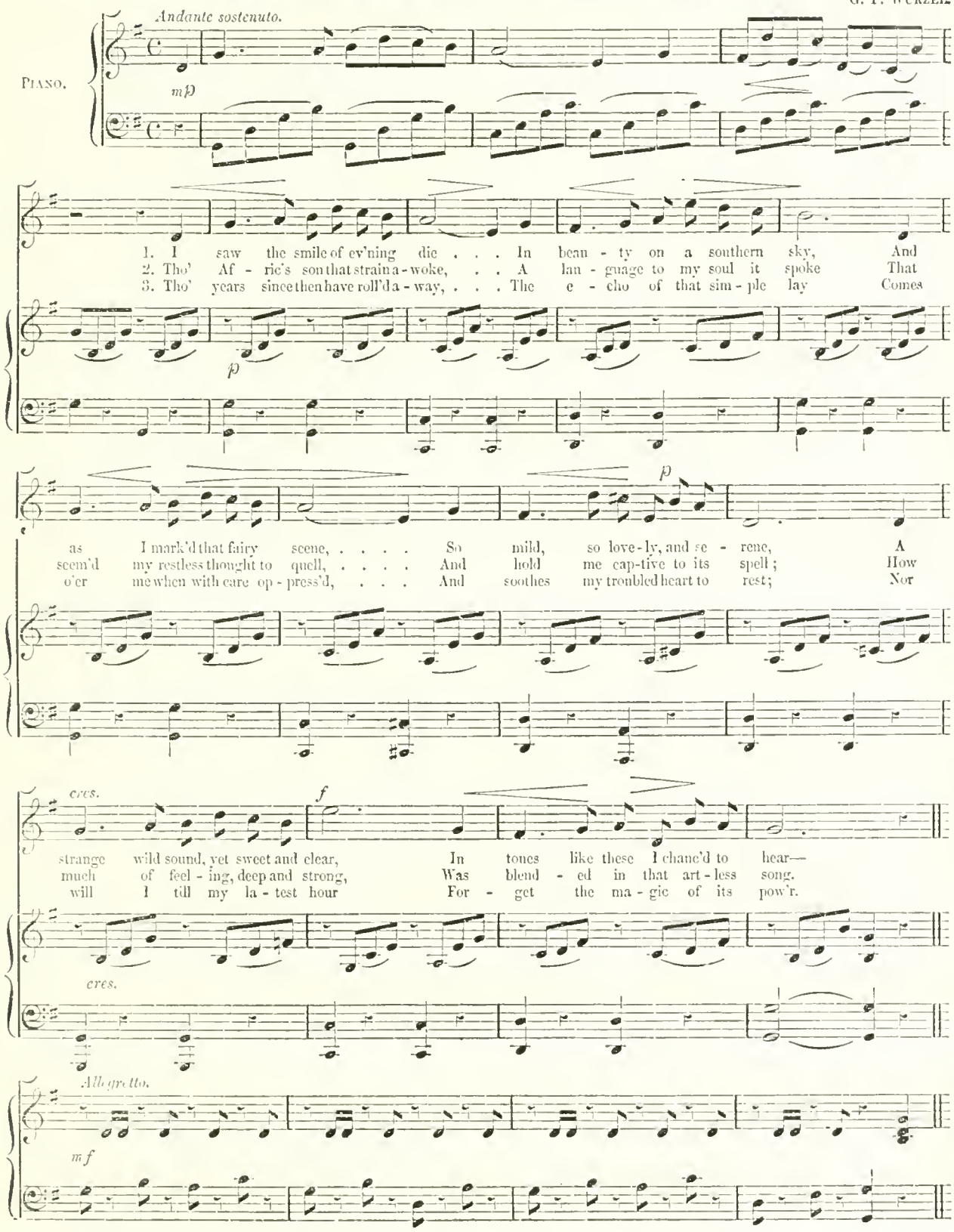
BASS. Oh! mo-ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child-hood o'er a-

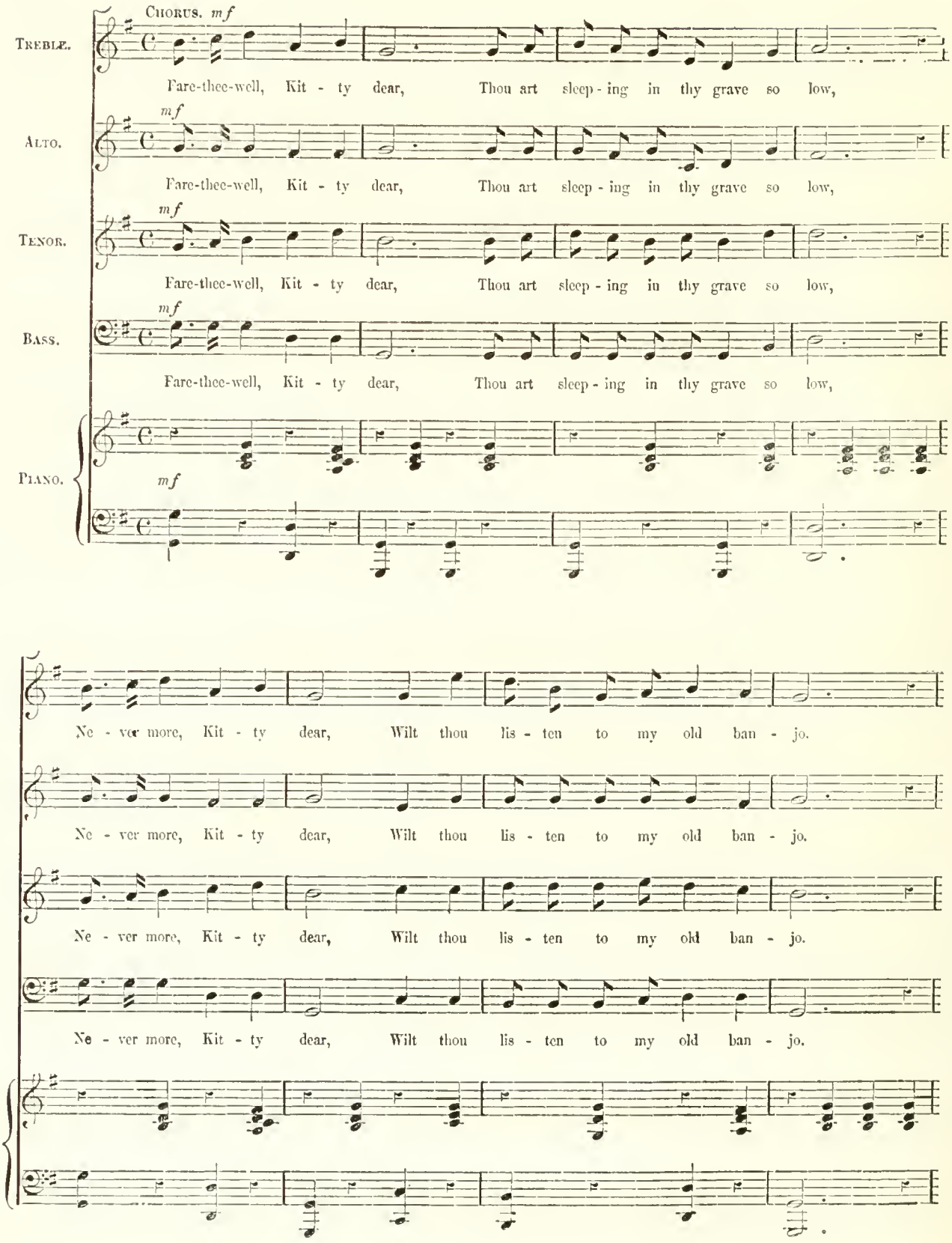
PIANO *mp*

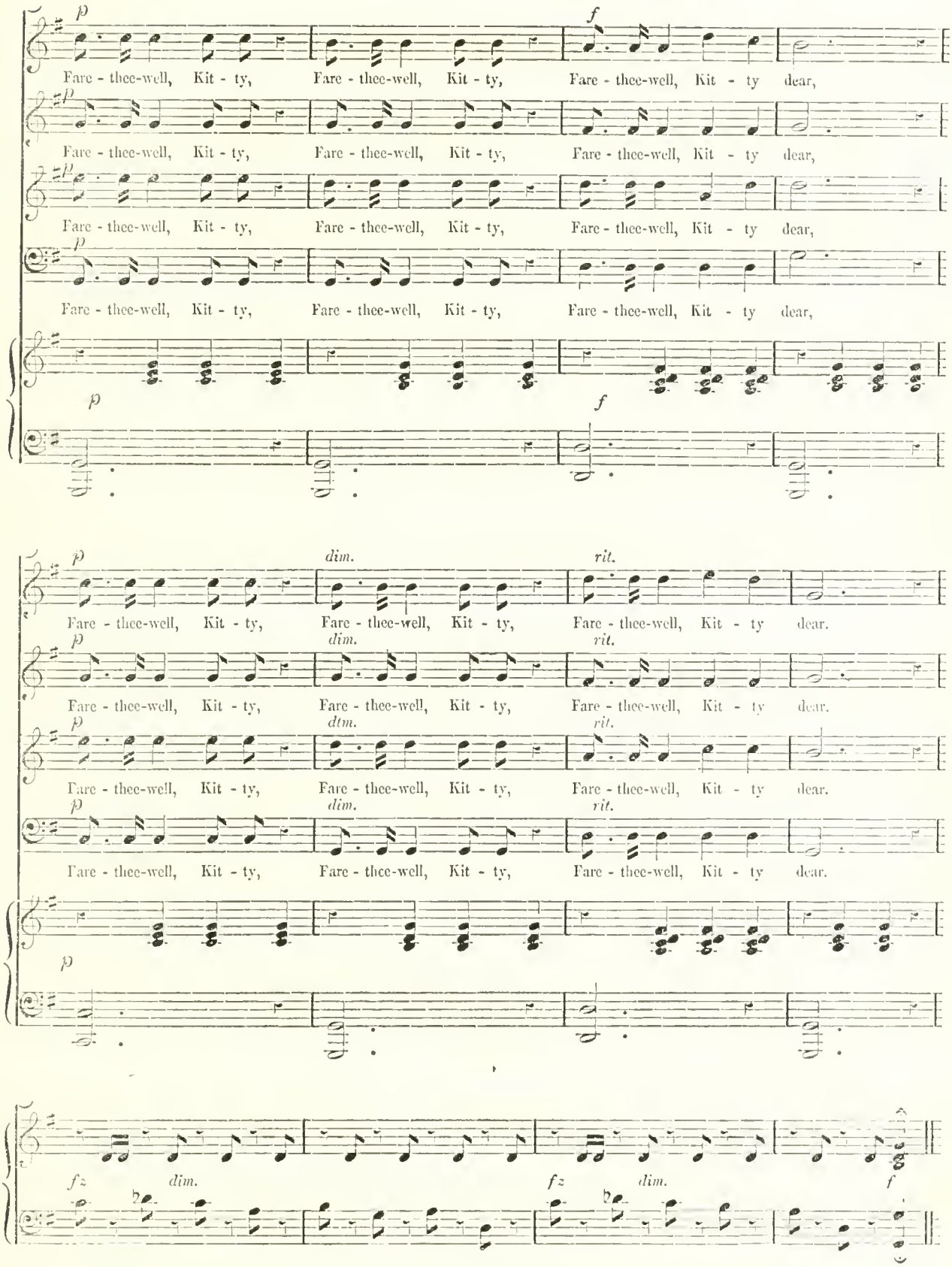

dim.
- gain, . . And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, . . Out - shine the stars up in the
- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, . . Out - shine the stars up in the
- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, Out - shine the stars up in the
- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, Out - shine the stars up in the
Solo.
Chorus.
sky; Oh! mo - ther dear,— Oh! . . . . my mo - ther dear.
sky; my mo - ther dear.
sky; my mo - ther dear.
sky; my mo-ther dear.
8va.
p
pp
mp

No. 52 FARE-THEE-WELL, KITTY DEAR.

G. F. WURZEL.




Chorus. mf
Treble.
Fare-thee-well, Kit - ty dear, Thou art sleep - ing in thy grave so low,
mf
Alto.
Fare-thee-well, Kit - ty dear, Thou art sleep - ing in thy grave so low,
mf
Tenor.
Fare-thee-well, Kit - ty dear, Thou art sleep - ing in thy grave so low,
mf
Bass.
Fare-thee-well, Kit - ty dear, Thou art sleep - ing in thy grave so low,
Piano.
mf
Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.
Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.
Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.
Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.


p
f
Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear,
Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear,
Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear,
Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear,
dim.
rit.
Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear.
fz
dim.
f

No. 53.

JULIETTA BELL.

J. R. Thomas

Scherzando.

Piano.

mf

1. Come all you dar - kies lis - ten, and I'll tell you what be - fel A
2. When first I saw Miss Ju - lie she had love in ev - 'ry fea - ture, And
3. I thought I'd made a con-quest, but I soon felt migh - ty small, For

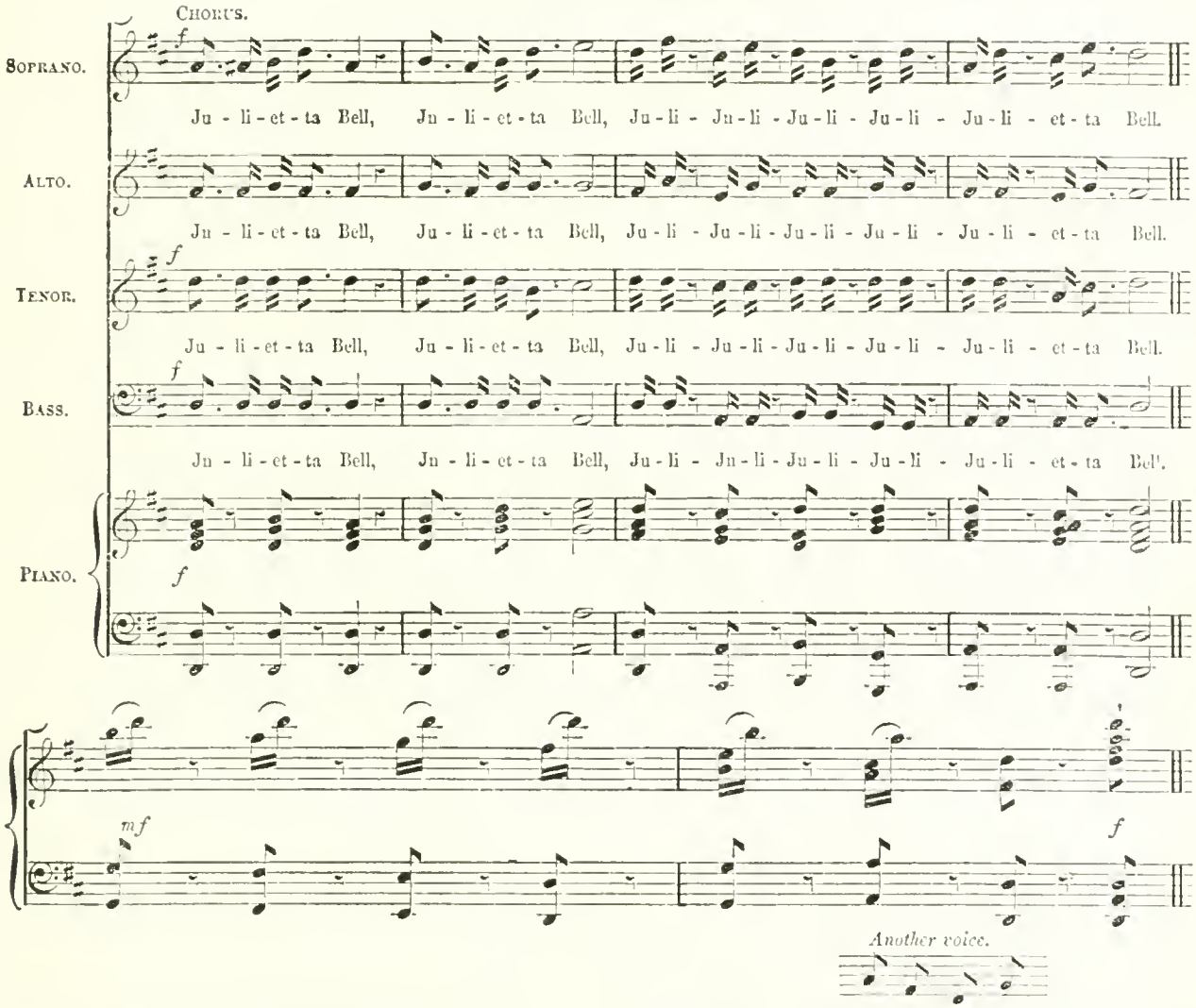
p

ve - ry pret-ty yel-low girl—Miss Ju - li - et - ta Bell; Whose play - ful wiles and witch - ing smiles dis -
put her face so close to mine, the dear, the charming creature, I felt compell'd to press her lips, for
meet-ing with my char-mer at a co - lour'd fan - cy ball, I ask'd her if she'd dance with me, not

cres.

- tract - ed ev' - ry heart, She had a score of beaux or more, so well she play'd her part.
fear she'd think me cold, She on - ly said, "You naugh - ty man, how could you be so bold?"
think - ing she'd re - fuse me, She turn'd a - way, re - ply - ing, "I'm en - gag'd, sir, pray excuse me."

mf

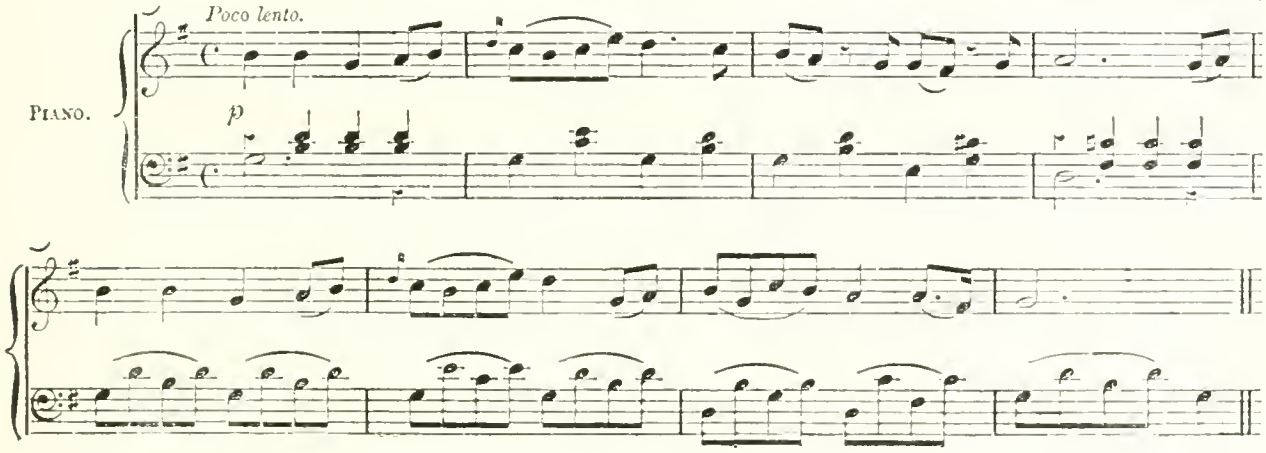


Next day I saw her walking, and I thought I would resent it,
And like a fool went up to her, and asked her if she meant it;
She struck an attitude, like Forrest when he tries to "smash" us,
"Go 'way," said she, "I'll call the p'lice, you're getting quite awdashes."

I thought 'twas time to cut (cut what, your throat?) no, cut my stick;
And she has met the fate of all who lay it on too thick;
Her beaux they dropped off one by one, her hopes for ever quashing;
Miss Julie's occupation's gone, and now—she takes in washing.

No. 54. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

S. C. Foster.



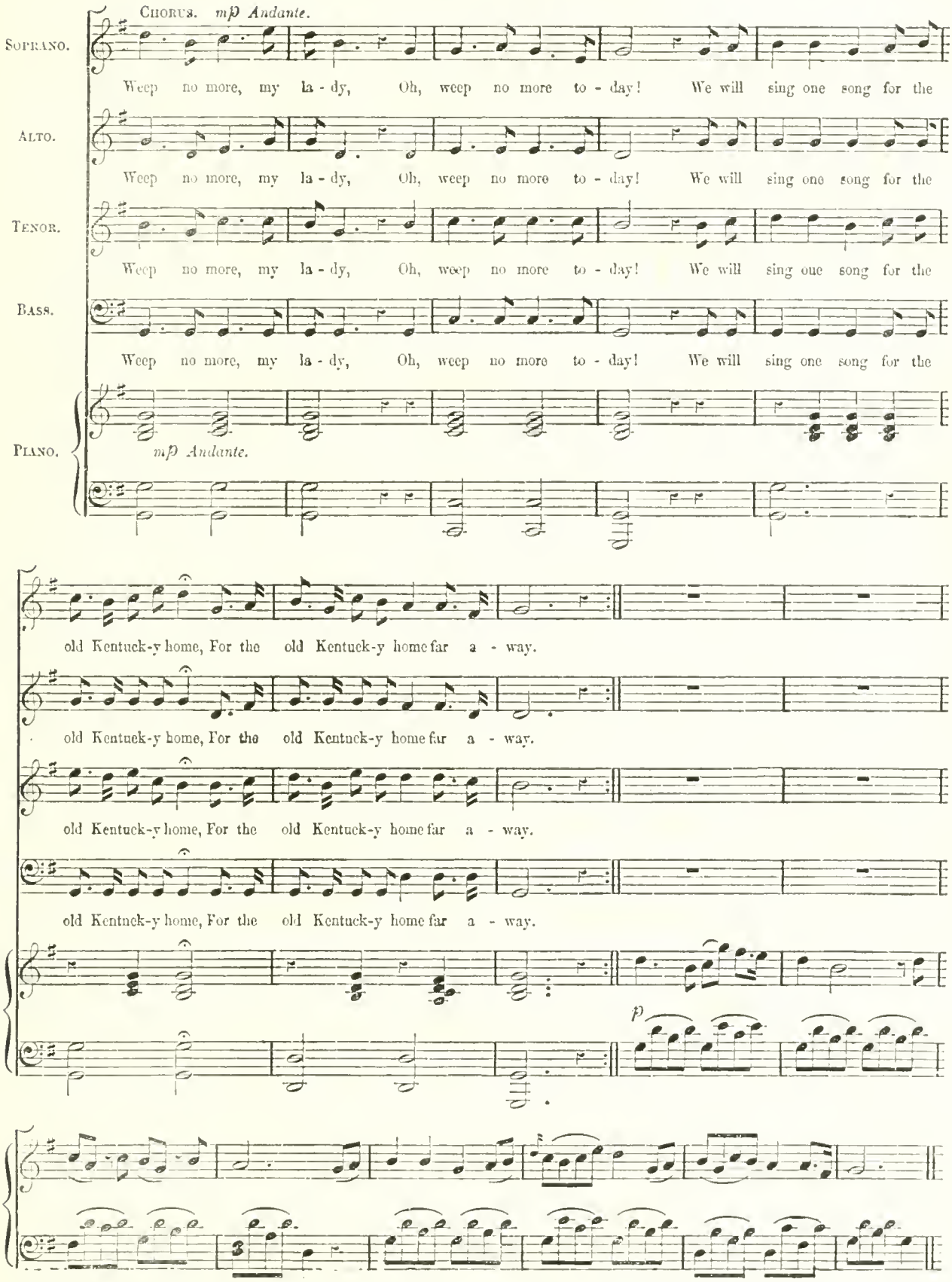
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dar-kies are gay, The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mea-dow, the hill and the shore, They
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - e - ver the dar-key may go; A

p

corn - top's ripe, and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day, The
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca - bin door, The
few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the fields where the su - gar canes grow, A

young folks roll on the lit - tle ca - bin floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n
day goes by like a sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; The
few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill ne - ver be light; A

by hard times come a knock-ing at the door,
time has come when the dar - kies soon must part, } Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good night.
few more days we will tot - ter on the road,


Chorus. mp Andante.
Soprano.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
Alto.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
Tenor.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
Bass.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
Piano.
mp Andante.
old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.
old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.
old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.
old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.
p

No. 55.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

Andante.

S. C. Foster.

Piano.

mp

1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I tra - ble on de way,
2. Now I'm un - hap - py, and I'm weep - ing, Can't tote de cot - ton-wood no more;
3. When I saw my Nel - ly in de morn - ing, Smile till she o - pen'd up her eyes,

p

All night de cot-ton-wood a to - ting, Sing for my true lub all de day.
Last night, while Nel - ly was a sleep - ing, Death came a knock-in' at de door.
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawn - ing, Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.

Chorus. *p*

Soprano

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

p

Alto.

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

p

Tenor.

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

p

Bass

Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

Piano.

p

Repeat forte.

dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

Repeat forte. *mp*

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
Dar she in death may find repose.
CHORUS.—Nelly was a lady, &c.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
Walk with my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farewell my dark Virginny bride.
CHORUS.—Nelly was a lady, &c.

No. 56. LINDA HAS DEPARTED.

S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mp*

1. Death, with his cold hand, Hath robb'd me of ev - 'ry hope, Hath robb'd me of ev - 'ry hope, My
2. Blest were the hours pass'd, With her whom my soul a-dor'd, With her whom my soul a - dor'd, Whose

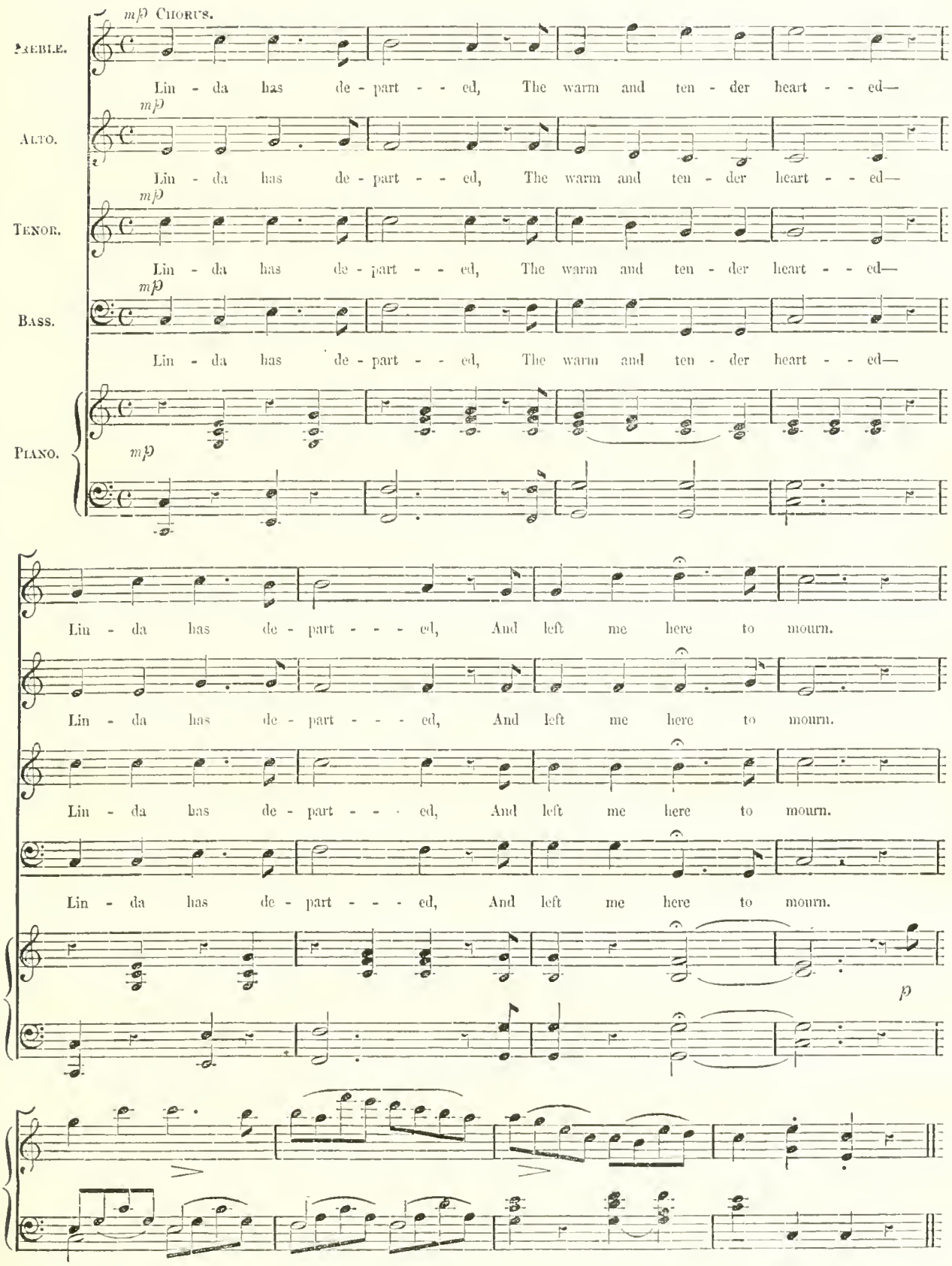
p

lov'd one is gone; Bleak was the mo - ment That part - ed our beat - ing hearts, That
heart was so light; Sad is the lone hour, Be - reft of my dar - ling one, Be -

part - ed our beat - ing hearts, And left me a - lone. Sweet was the low voice That
- reft of my dar - ling one, In dark - ness and night. All now is cheer - less, My

wrapt me in fond de - light, That wrapt me in fond de - light, As fair vi - sions do;
joys long have pass'd a - way, My joys long have pass'd a - way, With love's fleet - ing years;

Soft were the dark eyes, That lan - guish'd in beau - ty bright, That lan - guish'd in beauty bright, How fond - ly and true.
Hope has no com - fort, For sad - ness now hold - eth sway, For sad - ness now holdeth sway, And leaves me in tears.


mp Chorus.
Treble.
Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—
Alto.
Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—
Tenor.
Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—
Bass.
Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—
Piano.
Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.
Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.
Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.
Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.
p

No. 57. ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

mf *f*

1. I'm right from old Vir - gin - ny, wid my pock - et full ob news, I'm worth twen - ty shillings, right square in my shoes, It does-n't make a dif of bit - ter - ance to nei - der yon nor I, Big pig, or lit - tle pig, Root, hog, or die.
2. I'se de hap - pi - est dar - kee on de top ob de earth, I get fat as pos-som in de time ob de dearth, Like a pig in a ta - ter patch, dar let me lie, Way down in old Vir - gin - ny, whar its Root, hog, or die.
3. De Bos - - ton dan - dies dey look so ve - ry grand, Old clothes hand me down, gloves up - on de hand, High - heel boots, mous- - taches round de eye, A per - - fect sick fam - il - y ob Root, hog, or die.

p

cres.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. I'm chief cook and bot - tle - wash - er, cap - 'n ob de wait - ers; I

ALTO. I'm chief cook and bot - tle - wash - er, cap - 'n ob de wait - ers; I

TENOR. I'm chief cook and bot - tle - wash - er, cap - 'n ob de wait - ers; I

BASS. I'm chief cook and bot - tle - wash - er, cap - 'n ob de wait - ers; I

PIANO. *f* *stac.*

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

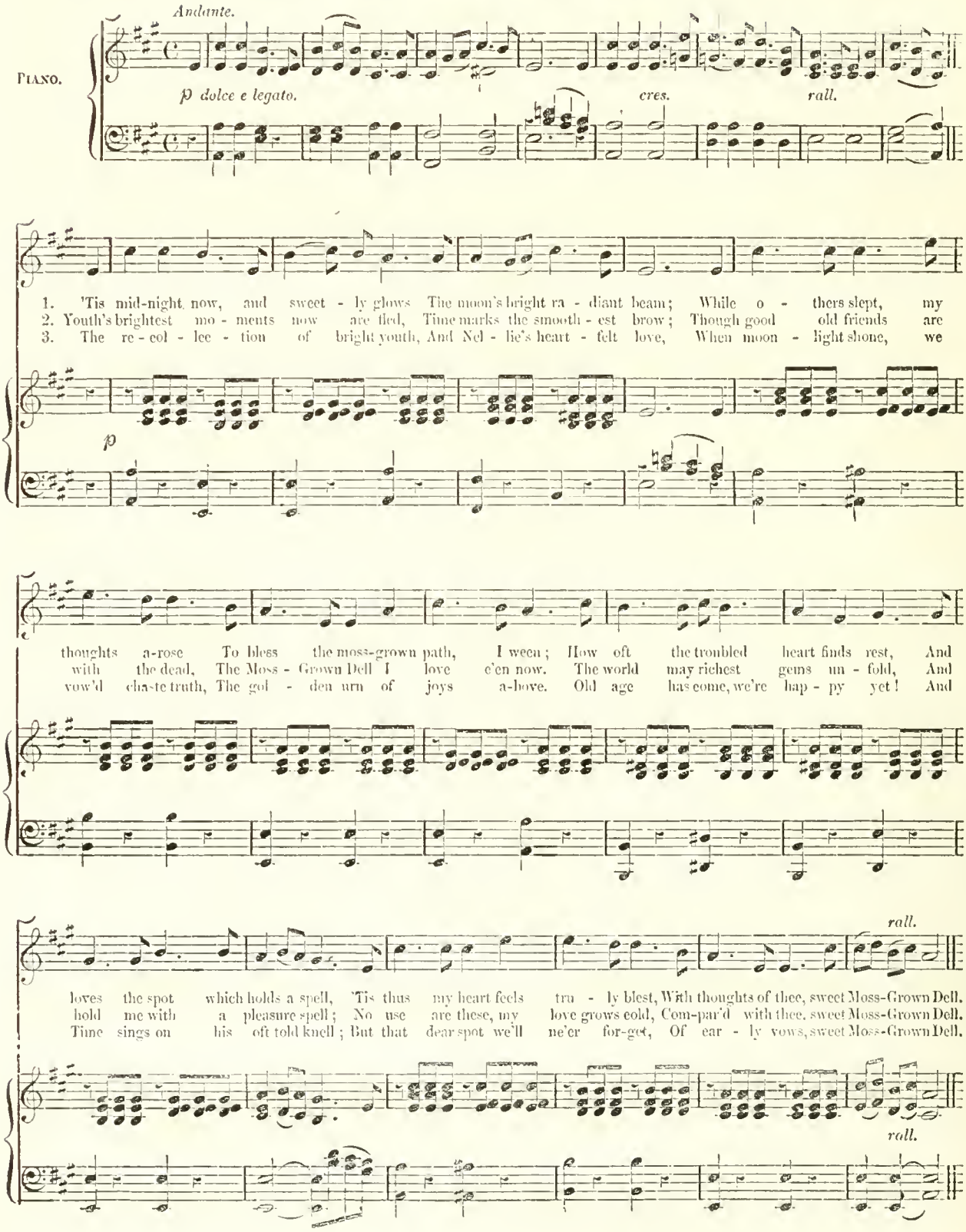
mf sciolto. *f*

De Boston gals dey do beat dem all,
Dey wear high-heel shoes for to make dem tall;
If dey don't hab dem, de Lor, how dey'l cry,
De boys hab got to get dem, or else—Root, hog, or die.
CHORUS—I'm chief cook, &c.

De Shanghie coats dey're getting all de go,
Whar de boys get dem I really don't know.
But dey're bound to get dem if dey don't hang too high,
Or else dey make de tailors run—Root, hog, or die.
CHORUS—I'm chief cook, &c.

No. 58. MOSS-GROWN DELL.

J. P. Ordway



Andante.

CHORUS. *p* *pp*

TREBLE

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

p *pp*

ALTO.

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

p *pp*

TENOR.

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

p *pp*

BASS.

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

PIANO.

p Andante. *pp*

dim. *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

dim. *cres.* *dim.*

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

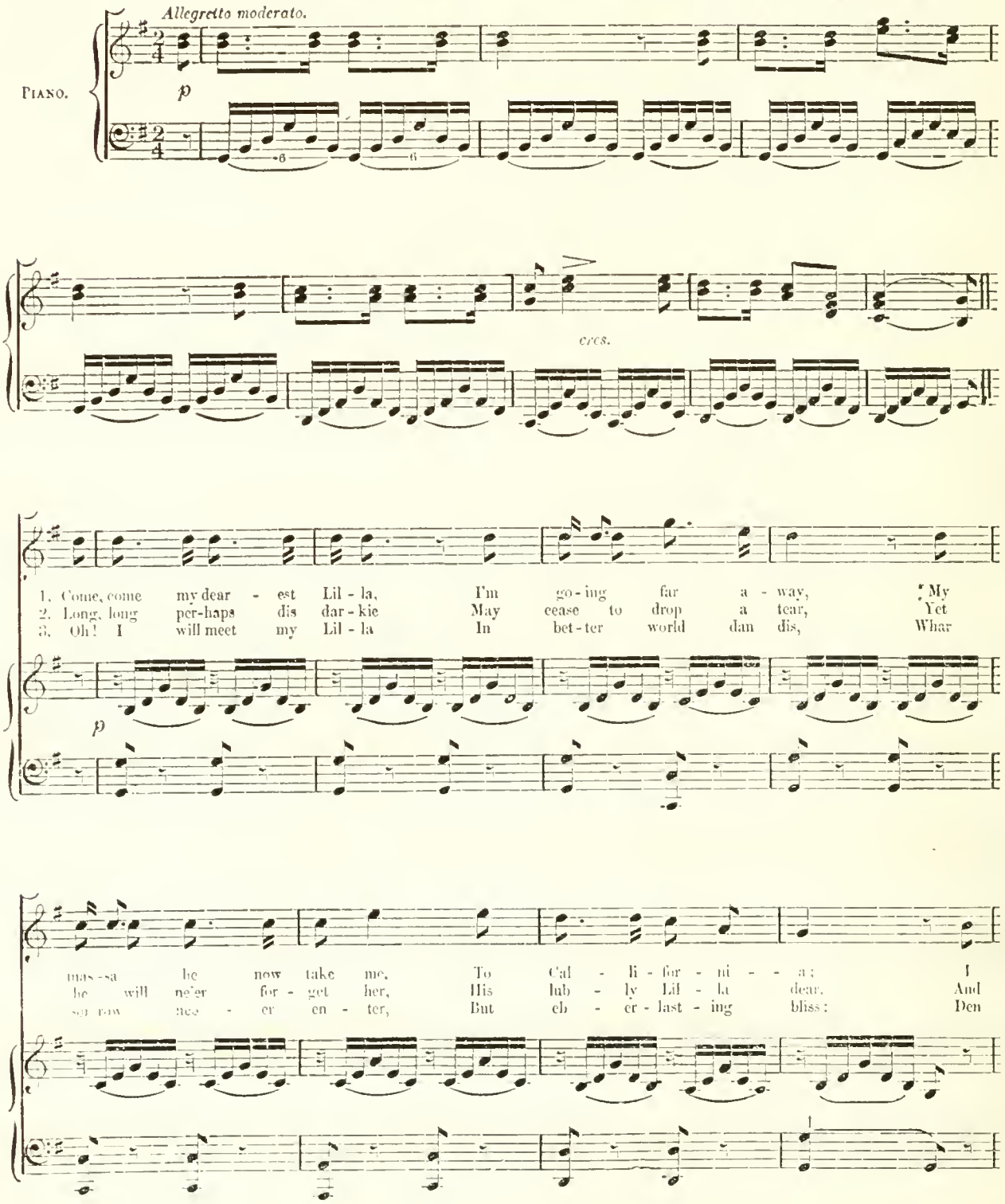
dim. *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

p dolce e legato. *cres.* *rall.*

No. 59

DEAREST LILLA.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. CLIFTON.



hab but de-e few mo - ments, To bid a last fare - well. De
will you tink ob me, lub, When far a - way I dwell. De
dar de notes ob an - gels Up - on de ear will swell. De

grief dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.
grief dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.
joy dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.

mf CHORUS.

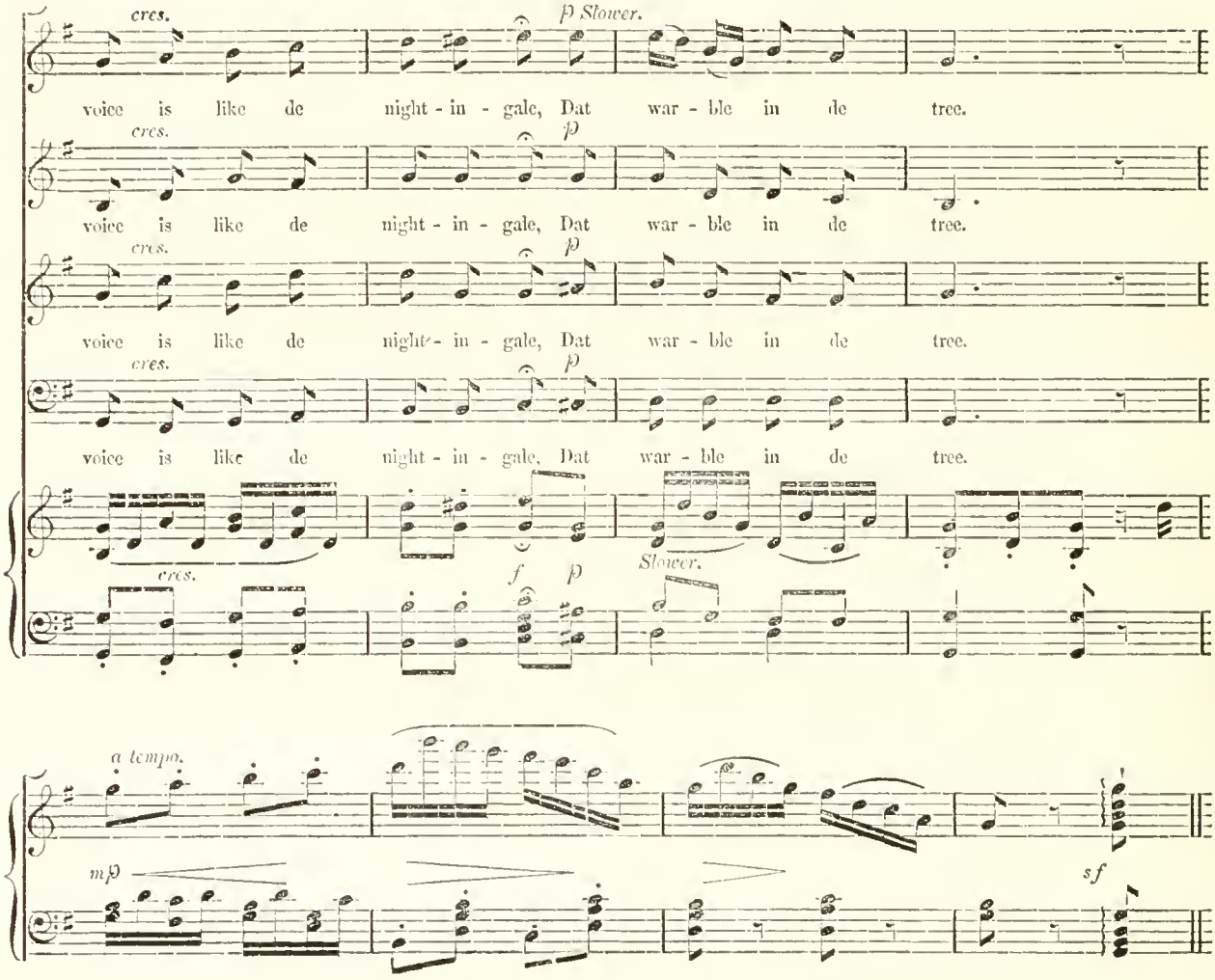
SOPRANO. Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

ALTO. Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

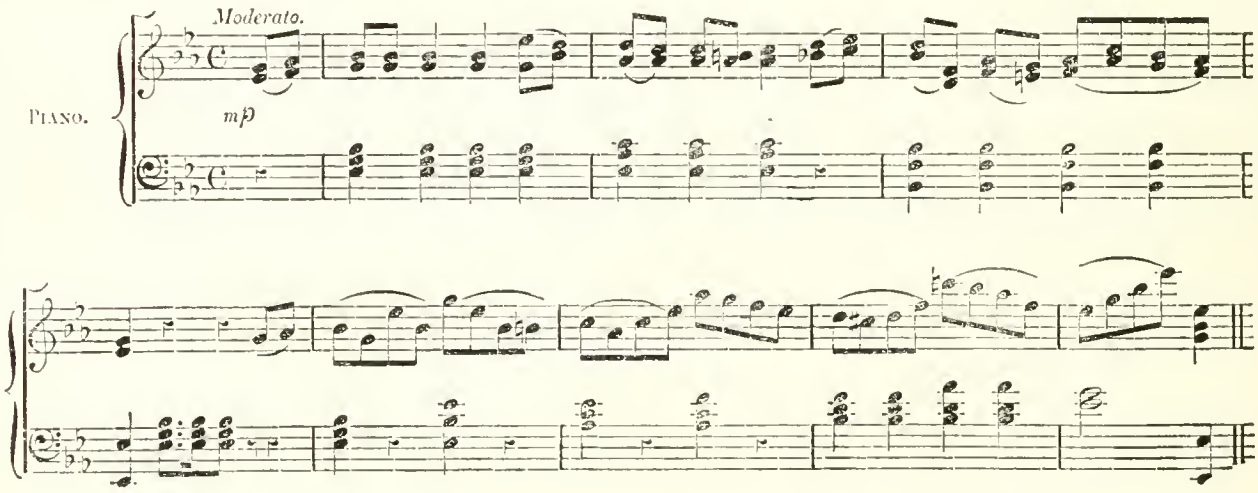
TENOR. Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

BASS. Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

PIANO. *mf* *dim.*



No. 60. GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.



1. In a lit - tle white cot-tage, Where the trees are e - ver green, And the climbing ros - es blos-som by the door. I've
2. Be - low us in the val - ley, On the San-tee's dancing tide, Of a sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen boat, And
3. One sun - ny morn in au- tumn, Ere the dew had left the lawn, Came a tra - der up from Loui-si - an - na bay, Who

p

ritard.

of - ten sat and lis - ten'd To the mu-sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charming Net - tie Moore.
when the moon was ris - ing, And the stars be - gan to shine, Down the ri - ver so mer - ri - ly we would float.
gave to mas - ter mo - ney, And then shackel'd her with chains, Then he took her off to work her life a - way.

CHORUS. *mf*

SOPRANO. Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

ALTO. Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

TENOR. Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

BASS Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

PIANO. *mf*

spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

mp

Since that time the world is dreary,
And I long from earth to rise,
And join the happy angels gone before;
I neber can be merry,
For my heart is full of woe,
And I'm pining for my pretty Nettie Moore.
CHORUS—Oh! I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

You are gone, lovely Nettie,
And my heart must surely break,
When the tears come no more into my eyes;
But when weary life is past,
I shall meet you once again,
In Heaven—darling, up above the skies.
CHORUS—Oh! I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

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3	And were they not the happy days? (S. A. T. B.)		Frank Mori
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2 Hark! the lark
3 Red Cross Knight
4 Come live with me
5 The May Fly
6 See our oars with
7 The Erl King
8 By Celia's arbour
9 Hail! smiling morn
10 Blow, blow, thou winter wind
11 Peace to the souls
12 Five times by the taper
13 In the lonely vale
14 Ye spotted snakes
15 From Oberon, in fairy land
16 Are the white hours
17 Thy voice, O Harmony!
18 My dear mistress had a heart
19 You gentlemen of England
20 Bell's of St. Michael's Tower
21 With sighs, sweet rose
22 Forgive, blest shade
23 Who comes so dark
24 Fair Flora decks
25 Go, idle boy
26 Ye shepherds, tell me
27 How merrily we live
28 The cloud-capt towers
29 To all you ladies
30 Here's a health
31 How sweet! how fresh
32 As it fell upon a day
33 Come, bounteous May
34 Queen of the silver bow
35 Lordly gallants
36 As now the shades of eve
37 Sigh no more ladies
38 How sleep the brave
39 When winds breathe soft
40 Swiftly from the mountain
41 Marked you her eye
42 Queen of the valley
43 Crabbed age and youth
44 O bird of Eve!
45 When time was entwining
46 When the toil of day is o'er
47 When Sappho tuned
48 Discord, dire sister
49 Desolate is the dwelling
50 The Fairies
51 Glorious Apollo
52 Awake, Æolian lyre
53 Since first I saw your face
54 Breathe soft, ye winds
55 O happy fair
56 It was a Friar
57 Here in cool grot
58 When shall we three
59 Lightly tread
60 Life's a bumper

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2 } Where art thou, beam of light?
3 } When the wind blows
4 Foresters, sound the cheerful horn
5 The winds whistle cold
6 What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
7 Come, thou monarch of the vine!
8 Blow, gentle gales
9 Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre
10 } Now tramp o'er moss and fell
11 } Fill, boys, and drink about
12 Who is Sylvia?—what is she?
13 Oh, by rivers
14 Come o'er the brook, Bessie
15 The fox jumped over the parson's gate
16 The tiger couches in the wood
17 Live, Henri Quatre
18 Allegiance we swear
19 Daughter of error
20 Now to the forest we repair
21 Hail to the chief
22 Stay, prithee stay
23 Good night
24 When wearied wretches
25 Hark! 'tis the Indian drum
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Complete, strongly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, &c., Price 1s.

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AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR PIANO is also published, Price 6d., to serve as an Accompaniment while practising, or as a Complete Arrangement for the Pianoforte of these celebrated Four-Part Songs.

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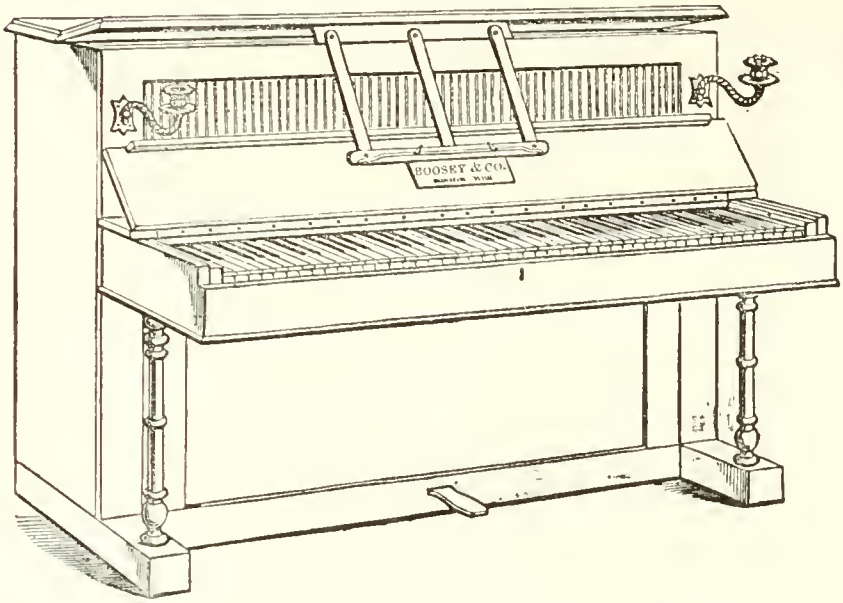
Compass, 6⅔ Octaves. 2 Unisons.

"We have had occasion to examine a new description of Pianoforte, manufactured by Messrs. Boosey & Co., which combines quality and cheapness in a degree which has not previously been even attempted. It is called the "Miniature Pianoforte," and may well be so named, for it is only four feet long, nineteen inches deep, and three feet four inches high; and the price is Seventeen Guineas. It looks almost like an elegant toy; but when heard, it creates such surprise as would be caused by a child 'discoursing most eloquent music' with the voice of a full-grown man. It has the compass of 6⅔ octaves, with a rich brilliant tone, quite strong enough to 'fill' the largest drawing-room; and the whole mechanism of the instrument seems to be firm and durable. We can thus describe it without making any invidious comparison with the handiwork of other manufacturers, for no piano, at so small a price, has ever before been presented to the public."
—ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, *Feb.* 28, 1863.



The Miniature Pianoforte in Mahogany is well adapted for an extreme climate.

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It is respectfully intimated that in consequence of the very low price of this Instrument, no orders from abroad can, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, be executed unless accompanied by a remittance in full for the Instrument, packing-case, and freight.

The Mahogany Instrument is recommended for India.

In Walnut, French polished, 17 Guineas, Net Cash. In Mahogany, 18 Guineas, Net Cash.
Dimensions, 4 feet long, 20½ inches deep, and 3 feet 4 inches high.

No. IA.—BOOSEY'S 25 GUINEA PIANO.

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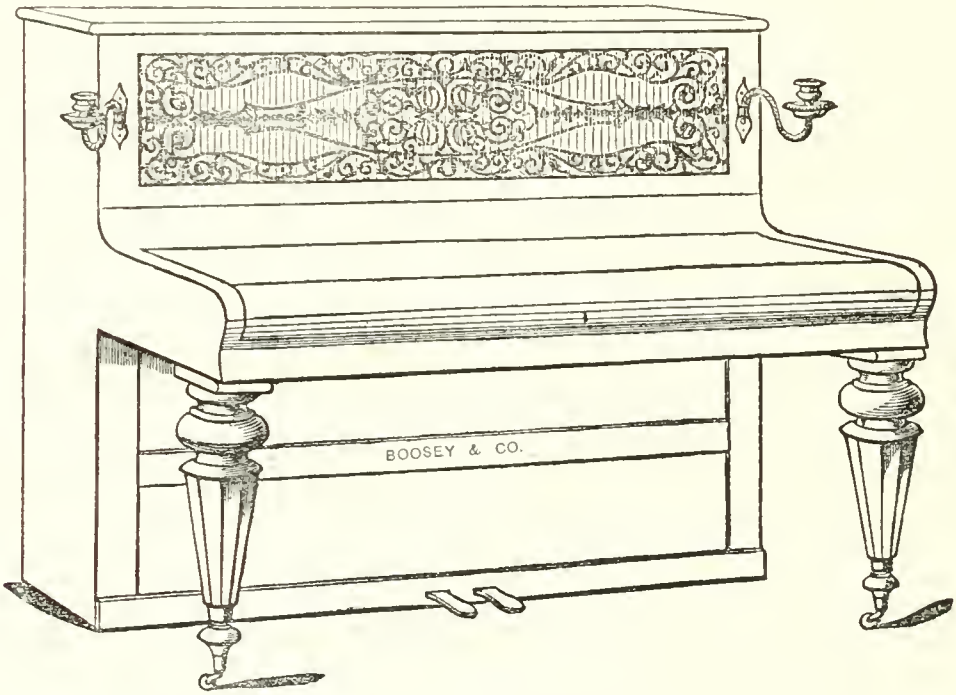


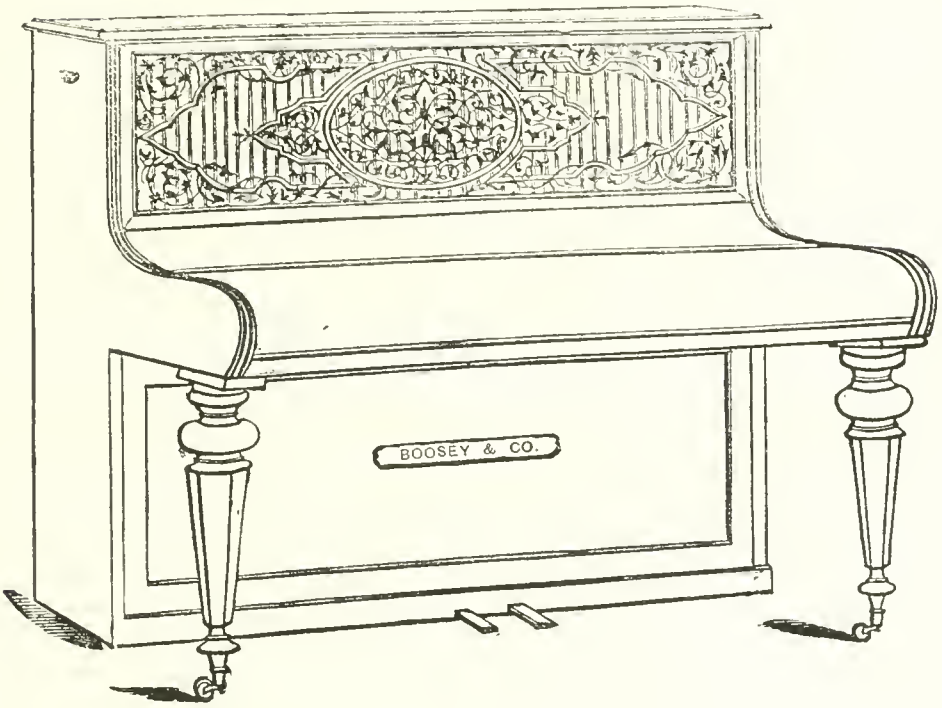
Price, in Rosewood or Italian Walnut, with the Check Action, 25 Guineas.
Dimensions, 4 feet 1 inch long, 3 feet 7 inches high, and 21 inches deep.

This Piano is strongly recommended as a most excellent and elegant small Drawing-room Piano. The tone is brilliant and the touch good. The manufacture is also of the very best description.

Pianoforte and Harmonium List continued on the other side.

No. 3.

Dimensions, 4 feet high by 4 feet 4 inches wide. Compass, 7 Octaves. 2 Unisons.
With registered Key-board.



In Rosewood, 35 Guineas. In Fine Italian Walnut, 37 Guineas.

The above Instrument may also be had with 3 Unisons in the Treble, price 63s. extra.

The above Pianoforte is a model Cottage English Piano, and no better can be desired. It is in a richly ornamented Case, has the Registered Key-board, as well as the New Grand Compass of Seven Octaves.

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In the forest.	Morning prayer.	Love and wine.	In the country.
O fly with me.	Autumn song.	Early spring.	Turkish drinking song
The hoar frost fell	Presage of spring.	Farewell to the forest.	Huntsman's farewell
Over the grave.	The primrose.	Resting place.	Summer song.
On the sea.	Festival of spring	Hunting song.	The voyage.
May song.	The nightingale.	Remembrance.	
Song of the lark.	Wandering song.	Praise of spring.	

BOOSEY'S SIX GOOD FRIDAY HYMNS.

FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH PIANOFORTE OR ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENTS.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies.	Saviour, when in dust to Thee.
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	When gathering clouds around I view.
When I survey the wondrous cross.	Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

Price SIXPENCE.

BOOSEY'S SIX EASTER HYMNS.

FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH PIANOFORTE OR ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day.	O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
The happy morn has come.	Sing to the Lord a holy song.
Angels roll the rock away.	I know that my Redeemer lives.

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BOOSEY'S ORATORIO CHORUSES,

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These Choruses, printed on excellent paper, and from new type, uniform in price, etc., etc., will be found the best, most useful and cheapest series of Oratorio Choruses ever published for the use of Choral Societies, etc.

1	Achieved is the glorious work (1st Chorus)	Creation	Haydn
2	Do. do. (2nd Chorus)	Creation	Haydn
3	Ah, wretched Israel	Judas	Handel
4	All we like sheep	Messiah	Handel
5	Amen chorus	Messiah	Handel
6	And He shall purify	Messiah	Handel
7	And Israel saw, and believed the Lord	Israel	Handel
8	And the children of Israel sighed	Israel	Handel
9	And the glory of the Lord	Messiah	Handel
10	And with His stripes we are healed	Messiah	Handel
11	And with the blast of Thy nostrils	Israel	Handel
12	Awake the harp	Creation	Haydn
13	Behold the Lamb of God	Messiah	Handel
14	But as for His people	Israel	Handel
15	But thanks be to God	Messiah	Handel
16	But the waters overwhelmed their enemies	Israel	Handel
17	(By Thee with bliss / For ever blessed) Duet and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
18	Despairing, cursing rage	Creation	Haydn
19	Disdainful of danger	Judas	Handel
20	Egypt was glad when they departed	Israel	Handel
21	Fallen is the foe	Judas	Handel
22	For Sion lamentation make	Judas	Handel
23	For unto us a child is born	Messiah	Handel
24	Glory to God	Messiah	Handel
25	Hail Judea! happy land	Judas	Handel
26	Hallelujah, Amen	Judas	Handel
27	Hallelujah Chorus	Messiah	Handel
28	Hear us, O Lord	Judas	Handel
29	He gave them hailstones for rain	Israel	Handel
30	He is my God—And I will exalt Him	Israel	Handel
31	He rebuked the Red Sea—He led them through the deep	Israel	Handel
32	He sent a thick darkness	Israel	Handel
33	He spake the Word	Israel	Handel
34	He trusted in God that He would deliver him	Messiah	Handel
35	His yoke is easy and His burthen light	Messiah	Handel
36	Lead on, lead on	Judas	Handel
37	Let all the angels of God worship Him	Messiah	Handel
38	Let us break their bonds asunder	Messiah	Handel
39	Lift up your heads, O ye gates	Messiah	Handel
40	(Moses and the children of Israel / I will sing unto the Lord)	Israel	Handel
41	Mourn, ye afflicted children	Judas	Handel
42	O Father, whose Almighty power	Judas	Handel
43	(O stars the fairest / Proclaim in your extended course) Duet and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
44	O Thou that tellest	Messiah	Handel
45	See the conquering hero comes	Judas	Handel
46	(Since by man, &c. / Even so in Christ)	Messiah	Handel
47	Sing to the Lord, ye voices all	Creation	Haydn
48	Sing unto God—Solo and Chorus	Judas	Handel
49	Sing ye to the Lord	Israel	Handel
50	Sound an alarm, and We hear—Solo and Chorus	Judas	Handel
51	Surely He hath borne our griefs	Messiah	Handel
52	The depths have covered them	Israel	Handel
53	The Heavens are telling	Creation	Haydn
54	Their sound is gone out into all lands	Messiah	Handel
55	The Lord shall reign for ever	Israel	Handel
56	The Lord is great—Trio and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
57	The Lord gave the word	Messiah	Handel
58	The marvellous work—Air and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
59	The people shall hear and be afraid	Israel	Handel
60	They loathed to drink of the river	Israel	Handel
61	(Thy right hand, O Lord / And in the greatness of Thine excelling)	Israel	Handel
62	Thou sentest forth Thy wrath	Israel	Handel
63	To our great God	Judas	Handel
64	Tune your harps	Judas	Handel
65	We come in bright array	Judas	Handel
66	We never will bow down	Judas	Handel
67	(Who is like unto Thee, O Lord / The earth swallowed them)	Israel	Handel
68	Worthy is the Lamb	Messiah	Handel

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Keble's Morning Hymn	The Old Year	The Nightingale
The Dawn	The Farewell	The Curfew
In the morning when I rise	We Meet Again	Abide with Me
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The Voice of Music	The Gold-digger	For Sunday
The Spring	Here's a Health	Give to us peace in our time, O Lord
Go forth, my Heart	It cannot remain so	The Birthday
Autumn Song	Annie Laurie	The Grave
Winter Time	The Dell	The Resurrection
The Volunteers, No. 1	The Sea	Thanksgiving for the Harvest
The Rifle Volunteers, No. 2	On the Water	For Whitsuntide Club-day
Cheer, Boys, Cheer	The Mermaid (Lorelei)	Holy Night
The Pride of the Ocean	The Three Students	Christmas Carol
The Eve of the Battle	The Land o' the Leal	God save the Queen
Trelawny	The Wish	The Grace of our Lord
England	Jeannette and Jeannot	
For New Year's Eve	To the Greenwood's sunny glade	

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The Boar's Head Carol.	God rest ye, merry Christians.
Come, let us celebrate the day.	Christian's awake.
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!	A Christmas Carol.

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For Four Voices, with Pianoforte or Organ Accompaniments.

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Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes.	While shepherds watch their flocks.
	Hark, what news the Angels bring.
	Hark! the Herald Angels sing.

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OF

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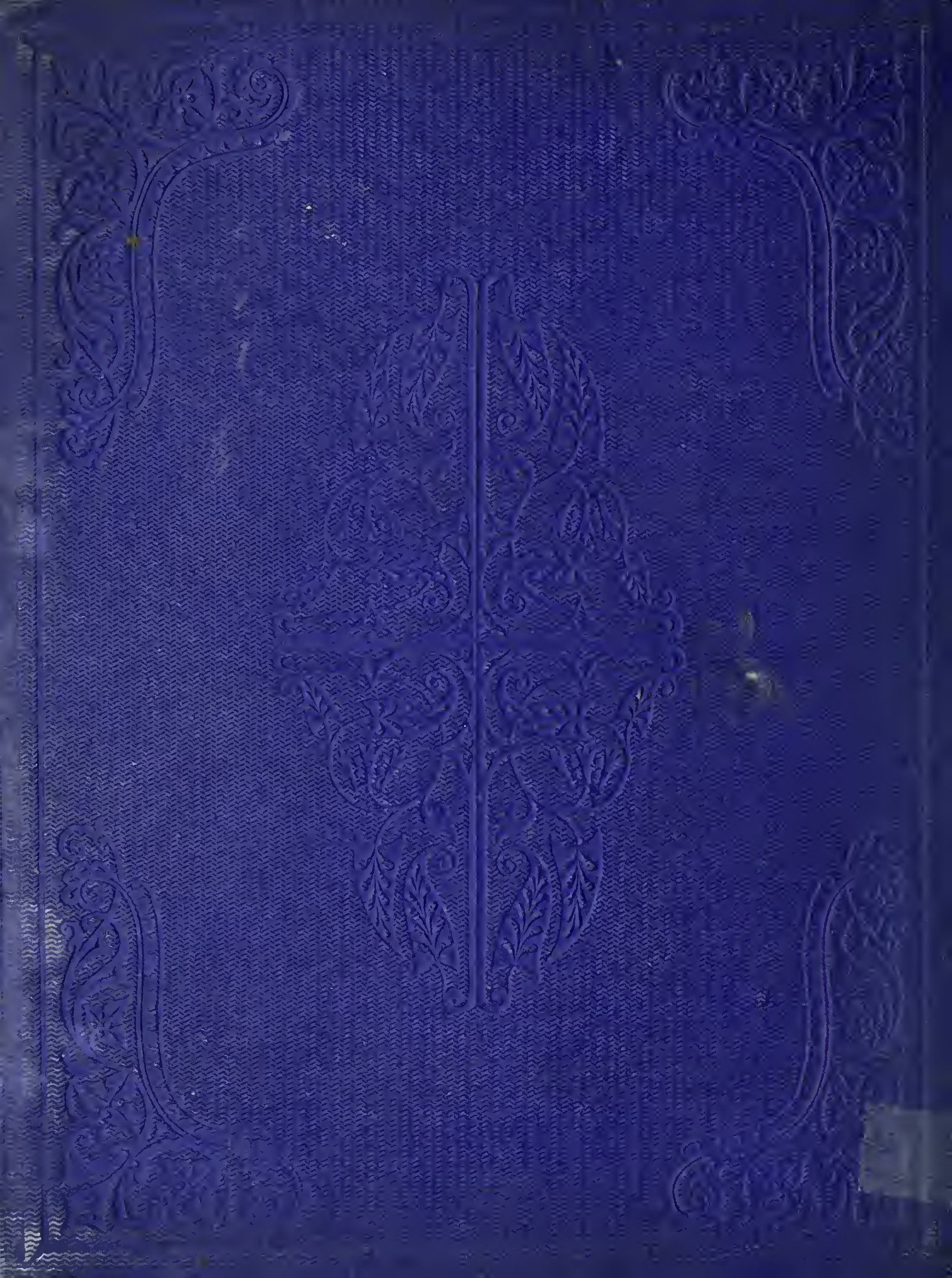
1	Hark! the bonny Christchurch bells—for three voices	Dean Aldrich
2	White sand and grey sand—for 3 voices	
3	A boat! a boat!—for 3 voices	John Jenkins
4	Turn again, Whittington—for 3 voices	
5	Buy my primroses—for 3 voices	
6	Up and down—for 3 voices	Matthew Locke
7	Great Tom is cast—for 3 voices	White
8	The wise men were but seven—for 3 voices	W. Lawes
9	Three blind mice—for 3 voices	
10	Come, follow me merrily—for 3 voices	Nelham
11	Gaping catch—for 3 voices	Dr. Harrington
12	With merry glee—for 3 voices	W. H. Birch
13	Care, thou canker—for 3 voices	
14	How great is the pleasure—for 3 voices	Dr. Harrington
15	Come follow me—for 3 voices	Hilton
16	Come all ye who music love—for 3 voices	Ives
17	Now we are met—for 3 voices	S. Webbe
18	An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass—for 3 voices	Purcell
19	Would you know my Celia's charms?—for 4 voices	Webbe
20	Old chairs to mend—for 3 voices	Dr. Hayes
21	Wind, gentle evergreen—for 3 voices	Dr. Hayes
22	Mr. Speaker—for 3 voices	
23	Three foreign melodies—for three voices	
24	Simplicity—for 3 voices	W. Shield
25	Farewell, dear—for 4 voices	
26	When I can read my title clear—for 4 voices	S. Webbe
27	'Twas you, sir—for 3 voices	Earl of Mornington
28	Hark! the pretty birds—for 4 voices	
29	How sweet the hour—for 4 voices	Dr. Hayes
30	The sneezing catch—for 3 voices	Paxton
31	Ah! how, Sophia?—for 3 voices	Dr. Callcott
32	Peter White—for 3 voices	Dr. Burney
33	Once in Arcadia—for 3 voices	Dr. J. Alcock
34	Epitaph on a parish clerk—for 3 voices	S. Webbe
35	Haste thee, nymph—for 4 voices	Dr. Arnold
36	Would you sing a round—for 3 voices	Dr. Hayes
37	Before you make a promise—for 4 voices	W. Shield
38	Where are you going?—for 4 voices	Purcell
39	John ran so long—for 4 voices	Dr. Arnold
40	One of the precepts—for 3 voices	Shield
41	Go, gentle breeze—for 3 voices	
42	Hurrah! hurrah!—for 3 voices	
43	With deep toned horn—for 3 voices	
44	When the soft dews of kindly sleep—for 3 voices	Dr. Hayes
45	The silver swan—for 3 voices	
46	Here lies poor Thomas Day—for 3 voices	Dr. Harrington
47	Poor Johnny's dead—for 3 voices	
48	We list to the sound—for 3 voices	W. H. Birch
49	Ere another Sabbath's close—for 3 voices	Atterbury
50	With a down, down, hey, derry down—for 4 voices	W. H. Birch
51	Wisdom, riches, and greatness—for 3 voices	Shield
52	On life—for 3 voices	Shield
53	Epitaph—Tread soft, my friend—for 3 voices	J. Danby
54	Give me the sweet delights—for 3 voices	Harrington
55	Hot Cross Buns—for 3 voices